

THE
L I F E
O F

Dr. *Jonathan Swift,*

Dean of SAINT PATRICK'S,

D U B L I N.

*Reader, in him we equally commend
Th' unrivall'd Genius, Patriot, and Friend.*

By W. H. DILWORTH, M. A.



L O N D O N :

Printed for G. WRIGHT. MDCCLVIII.

THE
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OF

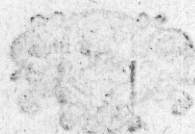
Dr. Jonathan Swift,

Deme of SAINT PATRICK'S

DUBLIN.

ORDERED, in the year
of our Lord's Consecration, and
BY THE
 BRITISH
MUSEUM

BY W. H. DILLWORTH, M. A.



LONDON:

Printed for G. Whiston, M.D.



THE PREFACE.



WIFT's merit, through the industrious resentment of party, had been clouded in part for a long time; but those whom he struck at being now deceas'd, and the present sting of his satire worn away, nothing appears to posterity but the keenness of his wit.

It must be owned, that from the frequent provocation given him by the folly of mankind in general, he had contracted a saturnine turn of mind, and disdained, as beneath him, all the little pleasing arts of society.

He affected, on most occasions, and even to his superiors, a supercilious moroseness, which did not exhibit him in the most amicable light ; and he was so far from having any thing of the jocular companion in him, that he had been observed to laugh but very seldom, and that in a very niggard, nay, reluctant manner.

Perhaps he thought the risible powers beneath his solemn dignity : for when any pleasant occurrences happened, and which might have excited laughter in him as well as in others, he used to draw in his cheeks, and feel his joy in such a manner as Cassius is described by Shakespear :

*He seldom smiles, but smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his
spirit,*

That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.

We shall anticipate no more on the very singular character of this great man, but refer our readers to the following history of his *Life and Writings*.



THE
L I F E
OF
Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT, &c.

IT being customary with Biographers to blazon out the families of those whose particular histories they write, and to strain hard for one, where there is the least room; we set out by declaring, that JONATHAN, whose Life we have undertaken to write, was descended from the SWIFTS, an ancient family in Yorkshire.

He was born in Dublin, on St. Andrew's day, in the year 1667. When he was but a year old an extraordinary event happened to him.

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His nurse, who was a woman of Whitehaven, being under an absolute necessity of seeing one of her relations, who was then very sick, and from whom she expected a legacy; but, being extremely fond of the infant, she stole him on ship-board unknown to his mother and uncle, and carried him with her to Whitehaven; where she continued for almost three years.

For, when the matter was discovered, his mother sent orders, by all means, not to hazard a second voyage, till he could be better able to bear it. The nurse was so careful of him, that before he returned, he had learn'd to spell; and, by the time he was three years old, he could read any chapter in the Bible.

After his return to Ireland he was sent, at six years old, to the school of Kilkenny; from whence, at fourteen, he was admitted into the university of Dublin; where, by the ill treatment of his nearest relations, he was so discouraged, and sunk in his spirits, that he too much neglected some parts of his academic study, for which he had no great relish by nature; and therefore turned himself to reading history and poetry.

He

He has often since declared, to his friends, that he found he could make no progress in logic, physics, metaphysics, natural philosophy, mathematics, or any thing of that sort.

When he presented himself in order to take his degree of batchelor ; although he had lived with great regularity and due observance of the laws, he was stopped of his degree for dulness and insufficiency.

At last, by much ado, and in consequence of great solicitations, he got to be admitted, in a manner little to his credit, which is called in that college, *Speciali Gratiâ* ; and this discreditable mark stands upon record in their college registry.

When he after produced this *Testimonium* at Oxford, in order to be admitted *ad eundem* ; they mistook the *Speciali Gratiâ*, a term peculiar to the university of Dublin, for a compliment paid to him there, on account of his superior merit.

It was not Swift's business to undeceive them. He entered himself a member of Hart-Hall, now Hart-College, and took his master of arts degree July 5, 1692.

It is to be observed, that while young Swift was in the college of Dublin, his regularity of life was such as never to transgress any of the statutes ; but the moroseness of his temper often rendered him very unacceptable to his companions, so that he was little regarded, and less beloved.

While at Hart-Hall college he used to pay some visits to his mother at Leicester, and to Sir William Temple at More-Park, whose lady was a relation of his mother's. Sir William stept in generously to his assistance. Her situation thro' life having been hitherto but scanty ; for his father dying some months before he was born, his uncle, who took him under his care, and paid for his education, did nothing more for him ; always refusing him any decent supply of pocket-money, which Jonathan never forgave.

But in Sir William Temple he found a generous benefactor. Acts of such uncommon generosity, as were those of Sir William to Swift, are often tortured to a bad sense by the malevolence of narrow hearted folks, which has since often insinuated that Swift was a natural son of his.

Swift,

Swift, as soon as he had quitted the university of Oxford, lived with Sir William Temple as his friend and domestic companion. When he had been about two years at More-Park, he contracted a very long and dangerous illness, by eating an immoderate quantity of fruit.

To this surfeit he has been often heard to ascribe that giddiness in his head, which with intermissions, sometimes of a longer, sometimes of a shorter continuance, pursued him till it seemed to complete its conquest, by rendering him the exact image of one of his own *Struldbrugs*, a miserable spectacle, devoid of every appearance of human nature, except the outward form.

In compliance to the advice of his physicians, when he was sufficiently recovered to travel, he went into Ireland, to try the effects of his native air. He found so little benefit by the journey, that, in compliance to his own inclinations, he soon returned into England, and was again most affectionately received by Sir William Temple, who had now left More-Park, and was settled at Sheen, where he was often visited by King William.

Young Swift was grown into such high confidence with Sir William Temple, that he was often trusted by him with matters of the greatest importance. King William having conceived a high esteem for Sir William Temple, by a long acquaintance while that gentleman was embassador and mediator of a general peace at Nimeguen, his majesty applied to him for his advice in all affairs of great consequence.

A bill being brought into the house of commons for triennial parliaments; against which the king, a stranger to our constitution, was very averse, and that in consequence of the advice of some very weak people, who perswaded the earl of Portland, that King Charles the first lost his crown and life by consenting to such a bill.

The earl, who was a weak man, came down to More-Park, by his majesty's orders, to have Sir William Temple's advice, who said much to shew him the mistake, but the earl continued still to advise the king against passing the bill.

Whereupon Mr. Swift was sent to Kensington with the whole account of that matter in writing, to convince the king
and

and the earl how ill they were informed. He told the earl, to whom he was referred by his majesty (and gave it in writing) that the ruin of King Charles the first was not owing to his passing the triennial bill, which did not hinder him from dissolving any parliament; but to the passing another bill, which put it out of his power to dissolve the parliament then in being, without the consent of the house.

Mr. Swift, who was well versed in English history, altho' he was then under twenty-three years old, gave the king a short account of the matter, but a more large one to the earl of Portland; but all in vain. For the king, by ill advisers, was prevailed upon to refuse passing the bill.

This was the first time that Mr. Swift had any converse with courts; and he told his friends it was the first incident that helped to cure him of vanity.

The consequence of this wrong step in his majesty was very unhappy; for it put that prince under a necessity of introducing those people called Whigs into power and employment, in order to pacify them.

Although it be held a part of the king's prerogative to refuse passing a bill,

yet the learned in the law think otherwise, from that expression used at the coronation, wherein the prince obligeth himself to consent to all laws *quas vulgus elegerit*.

Mr. Swift, in consequence of the above affair, during his sojournment at his worthy friend's and patron's Sir William Temple, had frequent opportunities of conversing with that prince; in some of which conversations the king offered to make him a captain of horse: an offer which in attacks of the spleen he always seemed sorry to have refused; but the truth is, at the time of this offer he had been resolved within his own mind to take orders.

After living some time with Sir William Temple, he came to a resolution of settling himself some way or other in life, and turned his thoughts entirely towards the church, under whose banners he was determined to lift.

Pursuant to the said determinations, and being recommended by Sir William Temple to Lord Capel, then lord deputy of Ireland, he gave him the first vacancy of a prebend, of which the income was about 100*l.* a year, in the North of the said Kingdom.

Swift

Swift soon grew weary of his preferment: it was not sufficiently considerable; and was besides at so great distance from the metropolis, that it absolutely deprived him of that kind of conversation and society in which he delighted. He had been used to very different scenes in England, and had naturally an aversion to solitude and retirement.

He was glad therefore to resign his prebend in favour of a friend, and return to Sir William Temple, with whom he lived upon most amicable terms until the decease of that great man, who, besides a legacy in money, left him the care and emolument of publishing his posthumous works.

Upon this event Mr. Swift removed to London, and applied by petition to King William, upon the claim of a promise his majesty had made to Sir William Temple, that he would give Mr. Swift a prebend of Canterbury or Westminster.

The earl of Romney, who professed much friendship for him, promised to second his petition; but as he was an old vicious, illiterate rake, without any sense of truth or honour, said not a word to the king.

In fine, Swift's petition had no effect : it was either totally forgotten, or drowned amidst the clamours of more urgent claims. From this first disappointment may not improbably be dated that bitterness towards kings and courtiers, which is to be found so universally dispersed throughout his works.

After a long and fruitless attendance at Whitehall, he reluctantly gave up all thoughts of a settlement in England. He had dedicated Sir William Temple's work to the king : The dedication, like the petition, was neglected ; nor did that prince take the least notice of him after the death of his friend Sir William Temple.

What then was to be done ? To extricate himself from the disagreeable situation he was in, he thought it prudent to comply with an invitation given him by the earl of Berkeley (then appointed one of the lords justices of Ireland) to attend him thither as his chaplain and private secretary.

The earl of Berkeley landed near Waterford ; and Mr. Swift acted as secretary during the whole journey to Dublin. But another of Lord Berkeley's attendants,
whose

whose name was Bush, had by this time insinuated himself into the earl's favour, and had whispered to him, that the post of secretary was not proper for a clergyman, to whom only church preferments could be suitable or advantageous.

The earl of Berkeley paid too much deference to the said insinuations, and making some slight apology to Mr. Swift, divested him of that office, and conferred it on Mr. Bush. Here again was another disappointment, and a fresh object of indignation.

It is not improper to hint for the present, to our readers, that, during Swift's residence with Sir William Temple, he became intimately acquainted with a lady, whom he has since distinguished, and often celebrated in his works, under the name of *Stella*; and of whom we shall speak more at large hereafter.

In some months after the earl of Berkeley's arrival in Ireland, the deanery of Derry fell vacant; and it was the earl's turn to dispose of it. On this occasion Swift entertained hopes of the earl's giving him the said deanery, in order to make some amends for the secretaryship he had been deprived of.

But

But matters were so artfully managed, by the contrivance of secretary Bush, who had received a bribe, that the deanery was disposed of to another, and Mr. Swift was put off with some other church livings, then not worth above a third part of that rich deanery, and at this present, not worth a sixth.

The apology made to Swift for his having been laid aside, was his being too young; though he was then upwards of two and thirty years old. He was presented, however, to the rectory of Aghar, and the vicarages of Loracor and Rathbeggan.

The best of these livings was worth about two hundreds, and the least about sixty pounds a year. They were the only church preferments that he enjoy'd, till he was appointed dean of St. Patrick's, in the year seventeen hundred and thirteen.

As soon as he had taken possession of his livings, he went to reside at Loracor, and gave notice to his parishioners, that he would read prayers on every Wednesday and Friday.

Accordingly, upon the subsequent Wednesday, the bell was rung, and the rector

rector attended in his desk; when, after having sat some time, and finding the congregation to consist only of himself, and his clerk Roger, he began with great composure and gravity, but with a turn peculiar to himself.

“Dearly beloved Roger, the scripture, “moveth You and Me in fundry places;” and then proceeded regularly through the whole service. From this circumstance must appear clearly to our readers the doctor’s strong tendency to humour, and how unable he was to resist any occasion of exerting it.

As this instance sufficiently vouches for his turn to drollery, so the following will set in a strong light his stubborn pride. While he was chaplain to the earl of Berkeley, his only sister, by the consent and approbation of her uncle, and relations, was married to a man in trade; whose fortune, character, and situation were esteemed, by all her friends, suitable to her in every respect.

But the marriage was entirely disagreeable to her brother. It seemed to throw a thwarting cloud over those ambitious views, which he had long since formed.

He

He grew outrageous at the thought of being brother-in-law to a tradesman.

He utterly refused all reconciliation with his sister, nor would he even listen to the entreaties of his mother; who came over to Ireland under the strongest hopes of pacifying his anger; having, in every other instance, found him a dutiful and obedient son. But his pride was not to be conquered; and Mrs. Swift finding her son inflexible, hastened back to Leicester; where she continued to her death.

Dr. Swift, during his mother's lifetime, scarce ever failed to pay her an annual visit. But his manner of travelling was as singular as any other of his actions. He often went in a waggon; but more frequently walked from Holy-head to Leicester, London, or any other part of England.

He generally chose to dine with waggons, hostlers, and persons of that rank; and he used to lie at night in the houses where he found written over the door, *Lodgings for a penny*.

He delighted in scenes of low life. The vulgar dialect was not only a fund of humour to him, but very agreeable to his

his

his natural turn of mind ; and from this turbid source the many unclean images, and indelicate expressions, in his works, may be said to have flown.

A strict residence at Loracor was not in the least suitable to him ; for, when a young man, he was prodigiously fond of rambling, even before his pocket could afford the common expences of a journey. Dublin, Oxford, More-Parke, were since, at various times, the places of his abode. But Leicester in particular, during his mother's life, whom he constantly visited once a year, let his headquarters have been where they might.

He was of so remarkably strong and active habit of body, that gates, styles, and quicksets, he lightly bounded over. He would occasionally to rest a little, or take shelter from a shower, or for the sake of indulging his funny vein, mount, for a time, into the first waggon he met, and then away to his favourite walking again.

Whatever money he had saved by this manner, his practice was to squander it away, as soon as he reached London, upon a fine waistcoat, or some additional gaiety to his dress.

This

TO THE LIFE OF
This so rambling a disposition was, by his absence one time, partly the occasion of a very considerable loss to him; for a rich deanery falling vacant, Lord Berkeley intended it for him; but Dr. King, afterwards archbishop of Dublin, interposed, with great earnestness, against Swift, remonstrating, that it ought to be conferred rather on some grave and elderly clergyman; and that, moreover, the deanery residence being situated in the midst of presbyterians, it required a staunch divine to oppose the progress they were daily making against the established church.

As for Swift, added Dr. King, I am very sensible of his dively parts, and his genius; but from that very article I draw his disqualification: because, instead of residing at his deanery, he will be eternally flying backwards and forwards to and from London.

In consequence of this remonstrance, Swift was set aside on account of his youth. He lived, however, to have his satisfaction in an almost parallel case of Dr. King, when archbishop of Ireland; who, upon the decease of Dr. Lindsay, primate of Ireland, immediately put in his

his claim to succeed him in the primacy, as a preferment to which he thought he had an undoubted right, from his station in the see of Dublin, as well as from his acknowledged character in the church; having been long celebrated for his wit and learning.

His pretensions, however justly founded, were defeated, for a reason quite opposite to that for which he had Swift laid aside, to wit, his being *too far advanced in years* to be removed. The cause assigned was as mortifying to the archbishop as the refusal itself.

Archbishop King had no opportunity of shewing his resentment, except to the new primate, Dr. Bolter, whom he received at his own house, and in his dining parlour, without rising from his chair; and to whom he made an apology, by saying, in his usual strain of wit, and with his usual sneering countenance; "*My Lord, I am certain your grace will forgive me; because, you know, I am too old to rise.*"

Swift took his doctor's degree in the year 1701; towards the latter end of which King William died. Upon the accession of Queen Anne, Swift came post
from

from Ireland to England, presaging (as it afterwards fell out) a scene of action worthy of so towering a genius as his being employ'd in.

The chief ministers, during that queen's reign, whether whigs or tories, of high church or low church, were, from the beginning to the end of it, professed patrons of the learned, and munificent rewarders of all literary merit.

Queen Anne, whose heart was naturally inclined towards the tories, had been, for several years, an unwilling prisoner to the whigs, until Mr. Harley, with a tory army, rescued her majesty; and, during the remainder of her life, they defended her under the command of the Duke of Ormond.

To the great men of both denominations Swift was well known; and, although he soon declared openly for the tories, it is certain he had been bred up, and educated with whigs.

What very much redounds to the honour of Dr. Swift, is, that when he rose into the confidence and esteem of those great men, who sat at the helm of affairs during the last years of Queen Anne's reign, he scarce ever lost himself, or shewed

shewed any giddiness, which the intoxication of power infects many people with.

Although he might have been some times carried away by inconsiderate passion; yet he was not to be sway'd by deliberate evil. He may have erred in judgment; but he was upright in his intention. The welfare and prosperity of these kingdoms were the constant aim of his politics, and the immediate subject of his thoughts and writings.

Swift was to the Tories what Cæsar was to the Romans, at once a leader of their armies, and an historiographer of their triumphs. He resided very much in England; his inclinations were always there. His intimacy with Lord Oxford commenced, as far as may be deduced from his own works, in the month of October 1709.

By numberless instances in Swift's works, it manifestly appears, that an establishment in England was the unvaried object of his ambition; and that he since looked on his promotion to a deanery in Ireland as a disappointment, rather than a reward for the services which he imagined he had done the state.

How-

However, in point of power and revenue, such a deanery might be esteemed no inconsiderable promotion. But, to an ambitious mind, whose perpetual aim was a settlement in England, a dignity in any other kingdom must appear (as perhaps it was designed) only an honourable and profitable banishment.

Many people incline to think, that the temper of Swift was such as might occasion his English friends to wish him happily and properly promoted, at a distance. His spirit, to give it the softest name, was ever untractable. The notions of his genius were often irregular.

He assumed more the air of a patron, than of a friend. He affected rather to dictate, than to advise. He was elated with the appearance of enjoying ministerial confidence: He enjoy'd but the shadow, for the substance was detained from him.

He was employ'd, not trusted; and at the same time that he imagined himself a subtle diver, who shot down into the profoundest regions of politics; he was suffer'd only to sound the shallows nearest the shore; he was but a skimmer on the surface.

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From this inlet to the then situation of affairs, Swift's disappointment, in regard to an English bishopric, may be accounted for; which he, perhaps, mistakenly imagined was owing to a joint application made against him to the queen by Dr. Sharpe, archbishop of York, and a court lady of great rank.

According to Dr. Swift's account since, archbishop Sharpe, and the said lady, had represented him to the queen as a person who was not a Christian. Upon such assurances, her majesty gave away the bishopric contrary to her first intentions. He always spoke, on that occasion, of the queen, with respect; but of the lady and archbishop outrageously.

Among the various branches to which Swift's extensive genius spread itself, those peculiar talents of levelling his writings to the lowest, and sustaining their dignity to the highest capacity, were, probably, the original motives that attracted the earl of Oxford's friendship to him; for he could appear a beggar among beggars, and a prince among princes.

Upon Swift's arrival in Ireland, to take possession of the deanery, he found the violence of party raging in that king-

dom to the highest degree. The common protestant people were taught to look upon him as a jacobite ; and they proceeded so far in their detestation, as to throw stones and dirt at him as he passed through the streets.

The chapter of St. Patrick's, like the rest of the kingdom, received him with great reluctance. They thwarted him in every point that he proposed. He was avoided as a political nuisance. He was opposed, on all occasions, as an invader ; and deemed an enemy to his country.

Thus disagreeable was Swift's first reception to the deanery of St. Patrick's. Fewer abilities, and less constancy of mind than he was endowed with, must have yielded to such violent opposition. But being of Alexander's turn of mind, *Animi difficultatibus obluſtantis*, the more opposed, the more undaunted he appeared.

His powerful genius had seen enough of human nature to be convinced, that the passions of low, self-interested minds, ebb and flow continually : they are captivated by words, guided by names, and governed by accidents. They love, they hate, alternately ; and both they know not why. He

He had lived to become himself a shining instance of the strange revolutions in this world ; for he, who had been once the horror of the Irish rabble, became, at last, their idol ; and it would have been much safer to speak disrespectfully of the king before them, than of their darling Swift.

The first step Dean Swift took, was to reduce to reason and obedience his reverend brethren, the chapter of St. Patrick's ; in which he succeeded so perfectly, and so speedily, that not one member of them, in a short time after his arrival, offered to contradict him, even in trifles.

He, in consequence, made no longer stay in Ireland, in the year 1713, than was requisite to establish himself as dean, and to pass through all customary formalities. During which time he kept up a constant correspondence with his friends in England ; all eminent by their abilities and station, or birth.

He returned to England in the beginning of the year 1714 ; where he had the displeasure of finding his great friends, who sat at the head of power, much divided among themselves.

He

He had the farther dissatisfaction to observe the queen declining in her health, and distressed in her situation; while faction was exerting itself, and gathering more strength every day.

The part which he had to act, upon this occasion, was not so difficult as it was disagreeable. He exerted the utmost of his skill to reunite the ministers, and to cement the apertures of state. But as soon as he found his endeavours fruitless, and all his arguments unavailing, he retired to a friend's house in Berkshire, where he remained till the decease of the queen.

This fatal catastrophe put a final period to all his views in England, and made him return, as fast as possible, to his deanery of St. Patrick's, in Ireland, loaded with these mortifying passions, grief and discontent, and a total despair of rising to those heights his ambition had long in view.

When retired to Dublin, he, on all occasions, sided with the country, and popular interest, against the new politics of the castle of Dublin, which formerly he had like to have set fire to, in Lord Berkeley's time; and this is an anecdote of

of the dean's, not universally known; it happened in the year 1699.

Dr. Swift, whose bedchamber was the next room to his excellency's, having grown drowsy over his book, while he was reading in his bed, dropp'd asleep without extinguishing his candle; which happening to fall on his quilt, set it on fire, and burnt quite through the bed-cloaths, till it sing'd his thigh.

The doctor awakened by the pain, leap'd out of bed, and extinguish'd the fire, which, by this time, had burnt part of the curtains. He took care to have the damages repaired; and, by throwing away some guineas in hush-money, the accident was kept a secret in the castle, and never reached the Earl of Berkeley's ears.

The most remarkable productions of Swift's, which had been published in the reign of King William, are, *The tale of a tub*; *The battle of the books*; and, *The discourse concerning the mechanical operation of the spirit*. The first of those pieces, to wit, *The tale of a tub*, published in the year 1697, had been originally written by Dr. Swift, when a very young man, in the university of Dublin.

Wessendra Warren, Esquire, a gentleman of fortune in the neighbourhood of Belfast in the North of Ireland, and who was a person of undoubted veracity, often declared, that he had seen *The tale of a tub* in the hand-writing of Dr. Swift, when he was but nineteen years old; which, no doubt, received many alterations, amendments and improvements, before it appeared to the world in print.

Besides the abovementioned pieces of Dr. Swift, it is reported, that in the early part of his life he wrote several poems in the irregular kind of metre, miscalled by our moderns Pindaric odes; by which he acquired no reputation.

His cousin John Dryden, the justly celebrated poet, expressed great contempt for a pretty large collection of such poems, which had been shewn to him in manuscript by one of his booksellers.

Swift's resentful spirit could never forgive Dryden's severe, tho' just judgment pronounc'd on said poems, which for the Doctor's reputation have been happily suppress'd; but on all occasions, and often, very partially he labour'd to depre-

depreciate Dryden's poetical merit, which will ever flourish as long as the English language shall live, in spite of all attacks made against it by dull competitors, and the more formidable arrows of parody and satyr, by Villars Duke of Buckingham, and Doctor Swift.

Of all Swift's Pindaric farrago, there are but three specimens to be found. The first, *An ode to Sir William Temple*, written in the year 1689; the second, *An ode to King William*, written when his majesty was in Ireland; and the last, *An ode to the Athenian Society*, written in the year 1691.

The first and last of these odes are in Bathurst's edition of Doctor Swift's miscellanies; but the second is, I believe, only to be met with in the *Athenian Oracle*. The rest of his poems in that stile, (thanks to the candid severity of Dryden, and Swift's since corrected judgment) have been committed to the flames.

That irritability so generally attendant on authors, can appear in no instance so glaringly, as in Swift's implacability against Dryden, for pronouncing against such poems; which, if now preserved,

would prove an indelible stain on his memory as a writer.

However, while the Earl of Berkeley was in Ireland, Swift's true poetical vein (Pindaric flights being out of his way) began to discover itself in some occasional pieces which he writ in those times, particularly, *The ballad on the game of traffick*, the ballad to the old tune of, *The cut-purse*; and,

The humble petition of Mrs. Frances Harris,

Who must starve, and die a maid if it miscarries.

These poems are all wrong dated in the several editions of his works. It appears to a demonstration, that they were all written in the year 1699.

By casting our eyes over *The ballad on the game of traffick*, we may observe in what manner the Earl and Countess of Berkeley, and their little group at the castle of Dublin, spent their evenings in private, when they were totally disengaged from the noise, the bustle, and all the plagues of ceremony and business.

The several characters which make up this little group are, the Earl and Countess of Berkeley, Mrs. Biddy Floyd, Mrs. Hernes,

Hernes, Mrs. Weston, and Dr. Swift. It appears designed as a piece of raillery upon the whole set, and written purely for their domestic entertainment, being fraught with mirth and humour.

The petition of Mrs. Frances Harris, although it may be ranked in that class of poetry which is called low humour, abounds with entertaining raillery, and strong characterizing strokes, which is the distinguishing criterion of a truly original genius from mere imitators, the servile herd of the pen.

It happened about the close of the reign of King William, that Dr. Swift, immediately after the publication of the piece called, *A discourse of the contests and dissensions between the nobles and commons in Athens and Rome*, returned from England to Ireland, where he met old Bishop Sheridan at his uncle William Swift's in Dublin. The Bishop, after some little conversation with him about the affairs of England, asked him if he had read *The discourse of the contests and dissensions between the nobles and commons in Athens and Rome*, and what reputation it bore in London.

Dr. Swift, not knowing from what motive the question might have been started, replied with a good deal of modesty to the Bishop, that he had read it, and that, as far as had come within his observation in London, it was very well liked there.

“Very well liked!” said the Bishop, with no small share of pleasure and emotion—“Yes, my Lord,” rejoined Swift, “very well liked; and what is more, is looked upon as one of the finest tracts on that kind of subject, that has ever been written in all languages in general, but particularly in the English.”

“Well then, surely,” quoth Bishop Sheridan, “We must look on Bishop Burnet as one of the finest writers in the whole world.”—“How! Bishop Burnet, my Lord,” said the Doctor: “Why, I hope your Lordship does not think him the author of the said discourse.”

“Why he not the author,” replied Bishop Sheridan, “Sir, let me tell you, there is not any other man in England capable of being the author.” Swift answered, “Indeed, I can assure your
“ Lord-

“ Lordship, that Bishop Burnet is not
“ the author of said discourse.”

“ Well, Sir, since you say he is not
“ the author of it; Pray, Mr. Swift,
“ let me know your reasons for thinking
“ so.”—To which question Swift gave
for answer, “ Because, my Lord, the
“ discourse in debate is not written in
“ the Bishop’s manner or style.”

“ Not written in Bishop Burnet’s
“ manner and style,” retorted old Sheri-
dan with some degree of choler and
contempt. Swift then calmly, but stea-
dily replied, “ No, my Lord, the style
“ of that pamphlet is, in my opi-
“ nion, quite different from the style of
“ Bishop Burnet.”

“ Oh! Mr. Swift,” (rejoined the
Bishop with a sneer of protection) “ I
“ have had a long acquaintance with
“ your uncle, and an old friendship for
“ all your family; and really I have a
“ great regard for you in particular: but
“ let me give you this advice, Mr. Swift,
“ (for you are as yet but a young man,
“ and have not seen so much of the
“ world as I, who have a thorough
“ esteem for your great scholarship and
“ uncommon abilities) be very cautious

“ how you pronounce your judgment
“ on the styles of different writers, other-
“ wise you may expose yourself, which
“ I should be heartily sorry for.”

Swift confessed himself obliged to Bishop Sheridan, for the kind opinion of his abilities, and friendly advice he had given him, assuring his Lordship at the same time, “ that Bishop Burnet was
“ not the author of the political tract
“ he contended for.”

“ Well, Sir,” said Bishop Sheridan,
“ If Burnet was not the author, Pray
“ let me know in your sense who was
“ the writer of it;” to which Swift,
after a short pause, answered, “ Why
“ really, my Lord, I wrote it;” and
this was the first time he acknowledged
himself to be the author of that celebrated tract.

This pamphlet consists of matter borrowed from the Greek and Latin history, applied (in favour of the cause which Swift intended to serve) with infinite judgment and sagacity to the contests and dissensions between the nobles and commons of England in those times. It is not to be considered as a defence, but rather as an apology for his supposed friends,

friends, and therein he has acted according to the best of his judgment, from the then appearance of things.

If we consider Swift's prose-works, we shall find a certain masterly conciseness of style, that has scarcely been equalled by any other writer. Politics were his favourite topic, as they gave him an opportunity of gratifying his ambition, and thirst of power. Yet even in this road he seldom continued long in one particular path.

He has written miscellaneously, and has chosen rather to appear a wandering comet than a fixed star. For had he applied the superior faculties of his mind to any one great and useful work, he must in consequence have made a more shining figure, and thrown out light sufficient to illumine an whole system of politics.

We shall now proceed to accompany Dr. Swift from the death of King William, or rather from the beginning of this century, to his final retirement from the state-affairs of England, to his deanery-house in Dublin.

Subsequent to the discourse concerning Athens and Rome, there appeared in

the year 1703, a paper called, *Meditations upon a broomstick*, written in derision of the style and manner of Mr. Robert Boyle. Tho' we laugh at the humour, we cannot help censuring Swift for having so far indulged his satyrical vein, as to chuse unprovoked so good and excellent a man for the butt of his mirth, tending somewhat to buffoonery. That illustrious personage is revered by all scientific academies for his services rendered in physical enquiries. It was too much Swift's inclination to ridicule those sciences for which he found himself disqualified.

The Tritical essay upon the faculties of the mind, was written about the same time with the former; viz. in the year 1703, a piece wherein the spirit of ridicule is very highly displayed; and must force a smile from the most learned gravity.

From the year 1703, until the latter end of the year 1706, Dr. Swift can be traced only by a few copies of verses, particularly his ridicule on coquettes and petit maitres, supposed to have been written in a lady's ivory table-book. His poem

poem on the Union was never publish'd till after his decease.

To these add that excessive bitter *Description of a Salamander*, occasioned by the Duke of Marlborough's giving that appellation to my Lord Cutts, after he had come off victorious; and without a wound from an engagement with part of the French army; whose fire was so extremely brisk, and so incessantly poured in upon the English forces, that it was supposed nothing but a *Salamander* could have lived in the midst of it.

All we can find printed of his in the year 1707 were two copies of verses; the first is the poem on *Mrs. Biddy Floyd*, or, *The receipt to form a beauty*; which is allowed by all persons of taste and judgment, to be such a masterly piece in its kind, that it must stand the test of posterity.

The other poetic piece which he wrote in that year, is a very courtly, poetic address, *To the Honourable Mrs. Finch*, under the name of *Ardelia*; wherem, after Apollo is introduced with abundance of gallantry, he commands that Lady to publish her verses; and by the persuation of Dr. Swift, to accept renown for the
grace

grace and delicacy of her poetical productions.

In order to understand what our author means by the word Whig in this poem, we refer our readers (that they may avoid being puzzled thereat) to his letter from a member of parliament of the house of commons in Ireland, to a member of the house of commons in England.

The genius of Dr. Swift broke forth in the year 1708, with such an astonishing burst of humour, politics, religion, patriotism, wit and poetry, that if the public had been totally unacquainted with all his former reputation, the productions of that one year would have been highly sufficient to have established his fame beyond the reach of envy's sacrilegious hands.

Swift commences the year 1708 with a series of papers relating to Partridge the *Almanack-maker*; wherein those who have a taste for mirth, raillery, and genuine humour, will find abundance of entertainment.

They are designed as a ridicule upon all that absurd tribe, who set up for astrologers, and, without the least ray of
true

true learning, are mighty pretenders to science. The *Elegy on Partridge* can never be sufficiently relished by those who are unacquainted with these whimsical facts.

However, it is a point worth observing, that upon every occasion Dr. Swift is at the Fanaticks, and that so incessantly, that he would not allow a poor cobbler, star-monger and quack, to go out of the world, *until upon his death-bed he had declared himself a Non-conformist, and had a fanatical preacher to be his spiritual guide.*

Moreover, it should not be forgotten, that the inquisition in Portugal was pleased, in their great wisdom, to burn the prediction of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq; and to condemn the author and readers, as Dr. Swift was informed by Sir Paul Methuen, then embassador at the Portuguese court.

It is proper to observe here, that in one of the pamphlets published in the said year, to wit, *A letter from a member of the house of commons in Ireland, to a member of the house of commons in England, concerning the sacramental test*, Dr. Swift appears to have been the patron of Ireland, and to have therein asserted,

serted, tho' in a cursory way, the liberties of his country, upon the same noble and generous principles, so directly opposite to slavery and arbitrary power, which he pursued in a more abundant course of reasoning in the year 1724, the flagrant iniquity of the times requiring it.

We think it methodical for the present to wave entering into any particular remarks on the abovementioned letter, as far as it relates to the sacramental test, until we arrive at that period of his life, when he attacks the whole body of Fanatics, and all their inglorious partisans, in the year of our Lord 1733.

That piece, entitled, *The sentiments of a church of England-man, with respect to religion and government*, was also written in the year 1733, and is adapted to that particular period. Its principal drift seems to tend to unite the parties, by checking that rage and violence which subsisted in those times between Whig and Tory. And perhaps, by recommending in the place of that abominable rancour and malice, which had broken all the laws of charity and hospitality among human kind, those candid and salutary principles

principles, with respect to religion and government, which, if rightly comprehended, and vigorously pursued, might certainly preserve the whole constitution, both in church and state.

This tract is well worthy of attention, and serves to confirm an observation which will perpetually occur, that Swift excels in whatever manner or style he assumes. When he is in earnest, his strength of reason carries conviction with it. When he inclines to joke, all competitors, to raise a laugh, are far distanced by him.

The argument against abolishing Christianity, which is another production of the same year, is carried on with the highest wit and humour. It is one of the most delicate, and refined pieces of irony that has been wrote in any language, or on any subject.

Grave divines threaten their readers with future punishments ; but Swift artfully exhibits a picture of present shame. He judged rightly in imagining, that a small treatise, written with a spirit of mirth and freedom, must be more efficacious than long sermons, or laborious lessons of morality. He endeavours to
laugh

laugh us into religion, well knowing that we have been often laughed out of it.

The papers of the said year, that immediately follow, are entirely humorous, and relate to *Patrige*, the almanack-maker. And although they are not only temporary, but also local; yet, by an art peculiar to Swift, they are rendered of every place and time, so as to be read with universal pleasure.

There were likewise, besides the *Elegy on Patrige*, three other copies of verses written in the same year. Two of them are pieces of wit and raillery against Sir John Vanbrugh.

The third is the tale of *Baucis and Philemon*; wherein there is not only abundance of wit and pleasantry, but some peculiar happy strokes; which, although but very rarely to be found in the works of the finest authors, are the distinguishing marks of an improved and consummate genius.

We, however, find Dr. Swift (by one of his letters, *A monsieur Hunter, gentilhomme Anglois a Paris*; to wit, Colonel Hunter, governor of Virginia, who had been taken prisoner by the French, written in the year 1708) amused himself some-

sometimes with writing verses to Mr. Finch (one of which have been published) and sometimes projects for the uniting of parties; which he perfected over night, and burnt in the morning.

In the year 1709, we have but two pieces of Dr. Swift's, one in verse, and the other in prose; that in verse is entitled, *A famous prediction of Merlin, the British Wizard, written above a thousand years ago, and relating to the year 1709.*

It is imagined, that the main design of the doctor, in this prediction, was to encourage Queen Anne to a second marriage, in order that her majesty might repair, if possible, that infinite loss she had sustained by the death of the duke of Gloucester; who, by all accounts, was one of the finest princes, and the most promising. He was generally regretted by the whole nation, the fanatical party, and their black adherents, only excepted.

He wrote, in the same year, *A project for the advancement of religion, and the reformation of manners*; wherein he rebukes all ranks of men for their depravities and corruptions, their profaneness, their blasphemy, and their irreligion. A striking paragraph in this spirited performance gave the first hint to certain bishops,

bishops, particularly to that most excellent prelate Doctor Atterbury, in the earl of Oxford's ministry, to procure a fund for building fifty new churches in London.

In the year 1710, before he commenced an acquaintance with the earl of Oxford, or any of the Tory ministers, Dr. Swift had wrote three *Tatlers*, all of them very curious in their way, and adapted to the general good of society.

He wrote also that whimsical poem, *On the vicar's little country house, by the church-yard wall of Castle-knock*, and, *The description of the morning*, so universally admired by all persons of taste and judgment.

Thus far we have methodically pointed out in what manner Dr. Swift employ'd his talents, whether to entertain, or to improve the public, from the death of King William, until he became acquainted with the earl of Oxford, in the year 1710, the great æra of the doctor's life.

His acquaintance with the earl commenced upon an occasion which redounds much to the doctor's honour. He was impowered, by their graces, the lord primate of Ireland, and the archbishop of Dublin, to solicit the affair of the first fruits, and twentieth parts, in behalf of the

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the clergy of Ireland; which, in the space of five or six weeks, he dispatched with so much prudence and address, that every thing was concluded to the intire satisfaction of the bishops, and clergy *.

And yet, such is the ingratitude of most men in general, and of the clergy in particular, that the very ecclesiastics, for whose sole emolument, without any view of self-advantage, Dr. Swift had so effectually exerted his credit with the ministry, and which gentry, on that account, should in grateful return, as the then archbishop of Dublin justly remarked, have been his fastest friends, were, notwithstanding, utterly averse (and, so soon after as the year 1716) from acknowledging the service Swift had rendered, in procuring for them the twentieth parts and the first fruits.

Nay, the candid archbishop could not escape the censure and obloquy of their evil tongues; because he had exerted some degree of zeal in bearing testimony to the truth, and do justice to Dr. Swift in that particular, as the success of the affair was solely due to Dr. Swift's lively representation of affairs to the earl of Ox-

* See the last volume of Dr. Swift's works.

ford ; who soon received him into his favour.

He commenced the champion of Lord Oxford, and his party, so early as the the month of November 1710, under the title of *The Whiggish Examiner* : besides which, he wrote several other papers in defence of the queen, constitution, and the ministry.

He wrote particularly, *Some advice to the members of the October club* ; *The conduct of the allies* ; *Remarks on the barrier treaty* ; *The publick spirit of the Whigs*. In the last appears the consummate knowledge the doctor had of the several interests and designs of all the powers in Europe.

We have thought proper, for the use and benefit of those who are not acquainted with the course of the doctor's politics, during the latter part of the queen's reign, to mention the several tracts in that order, according to which they ought to be ranged in the publication of his works ; whereby the reader may have a progressive view of this extraordinary genius.

The pieces subsequent to the before-mentioned are ; *The preface to the bishop*
of

of SARUM's introduction; Some free thoughts upon the present state of affairs.

These pieces are not to be considered in the light of occasional pamphlets, or despicable essays, thrust upon the public by hackney scribblers, in the defence of corruption, and to serve the iniquitous designs of a party.

They are rather to be considered, and read over and over, as lectures of true, unprejudiced, constitutional politics, calculated to expose the enemies of the public, and to maintain, at the same time, the honour of the crown, and the sacred liberties of the people of England.

The several poems of Dr. Swift, relative to those times, and which, in truth, greatly illustrate his political tracts, ought to be read in the following order.

The virtues of Sid Hamet, the magician's, rod; The table of Midas; Atlas, or the minister of state; Horace's ep. vii. book I. imitated, and addressed to the earl of Oxford; Horace's sat. vi. book I. part of it imitated; The Author on himself; The faggot; To the earl of Oxford, late lord treasurer, sent to him when he was in the tower before his trial.

What mighty reward, what recompence, or what dignities, have been conferred upon this heroic champion of a ministry, this indefatigable defender of the English constitution, for all his labours? Not a thousandth part of what he deserved from the state, to whom he had done uncommon service, and which they were very sensible of.

The very ministry, whose battles he had fought with so much vigour and success, never once exerted their interest to get him any sort of promotion, either in church or state, in England.

What can such ingratitude be attributed to? Perhaps they dreaded those great abilities which had been their chief support; and therefore were not desirous that he should be raised to an English bishopric; which would have entitled him to a seat in the house of lords; where, very probably, his talents might have broke out on them, in a blaze of politics, that would have rendered him as much the idol of the public, as the wonder of all his cotemporaries.

They therefore, in their great wisdom, (as it were) banished him into Ireland, by giving him the deanery of St. Patrick's,

trick's, Dublin; which, as he himself expresseth it, was the only small favour he had ever received at their hands, in return for the many eminent services he had done them; and which, when reminded thereof by any sanguine friend of his, they could not deny.

In the beginning of the year 1712, Dr. Swift wrote *A letter to the earl of Oxford, for correcting, improving, and ascertaining the English tongue*. It is a very useful performance. A work of this kind, carried into execution, is much wanted.

In this masterly epistle the doctor complains to his lordship, as *first minister*, in the name of all the learned and polite persons of the nation, that our language is extremely imperfect; that its daily improvements are, by no means, equal to its daily corruptions; that the pretenders to polish and refine it, have chiefly multiplied abuses and absurdities; and that, in many instances, it offends against every part of grammar.

He proves, with irresistible force of reason, that our language ought to be refined to a certain standard, and then fixed for ever. He judiciously remarks
the

the several inconveniencies which arise perpetually from our shameful, and unpardonable inattention to such matters.

He doth not however prescribe any methods for ascertaining the language ; but throws out some general observations, leaving the rest to the inspection of that society which he hoped would have been speedily instituted by the lord treasurer.

But this noble and truly patriot scheme fell to the ground, partly by the dissensions among the great men at court ; and chiefly by the lamented death of that glorious princess Queen Anne : in whose auspicious reign the glory of British arts and arms was at the summit, and is much feared will not be equalled, or even imitated by succeeding ages ; so rapidly degenerate we seem to be.

We are now, courteous reader, to behold no more Dr. Swift of any importance in England : his hopes there are crushed for ever. His ministerial friends are degraded, banished, or imprisoned.

Indecent rage, sanguinary zeal, and ill-tempered loyalty, revelled at large throughout the three kingdoms, especially in Ireland : where duels were fought almost every week ; and where party
conta-

contagion was so universal, that the ladies there were as violent as the gentlemen. Even children at school, instead of fighting for apples, quarrelled for kings.

As Dr. Swift was known to have been attached to the queen's last ministry, and to have written against the Whigs, on his retreat to Ireland, he met with frequent indignities from the puritanic protestant part of the populace, and all whiggish parsons of higher rank.

Such a treatment soured his temper, confined his acquaintance, and added a bitterness to his style. From the year seventeen hundred and fourteen, till he appeared in the year twenty, his spirit of politics, and of patriotism, was kept almost closely confined within his own bosom.

His attendance upon the public service of the church was regular, and uninterrupted. Regularity, indeed, was peculiar to him in all his actions, even in the greatest trifles. His hours of walking, and reading, never varied. His motions were guided by his watch, which was so constantly held in his hand, or placed before him upon his table, that he sel-

dom deviated many minutes in the daily revolution of his employments and exercises.

His works, from the year 1714 to 1720, are few in number, and of little importance. Poems to his beloved Stella, and nugatory pieties to Dr. Sheridan, fill up a great part of that period.

At last, in the year 1720, (notwithstanding the many gross affronts he had received) he resolved, as far as lay in his power, to correct the errors and the blunders of his deluded countrymen; and with that view he wrote short and lively proposals, *For the universal use of Irish manufacture in cloaths, and furniture of houses, &c. utterly rejecting and renouncing every thing wearable that comes from England.*

On account of the said proposals, a prosecution was set on foot against Waters, the printer of them, and carried on with so much violence, that the then chief justice Whitshed, a virulent Whig, thought proper, in a manner the most extraordinary, to keep the jury eleven hours, and send them back nine times out of court, until he had wearied them into a special verdict.

Swift,

Swift, fired with a zeal for *liberty* and *public interest*, was resolved to avenge his printer's prosecution on the petty tyrant who had been the promoter of it. Two or three lashes from his satyric genius, proved sufficient to make the chief justice thoroughly odious and contemptible in the eyes of the public for that time; more of him hereafter.

This national pamphlet turned the tide of popular favours entirely to him. The prejudiced rabble, that, not long since, used to throw dirt at him as he walked in the streets, now, wherever he went, bowed to him as to their guardian angel. His sayings of wit and humour were echoed from mouth to mouth by the people, now become idolatrous of him. In short, nothing was spoke of in Dublin but, *The dean*, by excellence, distinguished above all others.

Some little pieces of poetry, to the same purpose, were no less acceptable and engaging. The inviolable attachment which *the dean* bore to the true interest of Ireland, was no longer doubted. He was as much revered by the people, for his patriotism, as admired for his wit.

Joy preceded, and respect followed, wherever he passed. His popularity was become of such general influence, that most disputes about property, among his neighbours, were submitted to his arbitration; from which to appeal, would have been looked on as a kind of impiety. In fine, he was the darling oracle of the people.

Being alarmed, in the year 1724, with fresh matter of indignation, to resume his pen, he oposed, overturned, and totally defeated the scheme of an infamous projector; encouraged and supported in his villainy by those who were understood to be the chief directors in all public affairs, and which had derived its source from the then national calamity.

There having been a scarcity of copper coin in Ireland, to so great a degree that, for some time past, the chief manufacturers throughout the kingdom, had been obliged to pay in pieces of tin, or in other tokens of suppositious value. Such a method proved very disadvantageous to the lower parts of traffic, and was, in general, an impediment to the commerce of the kingdom.

To remedy this evil, the late King William (of therefore deservedly glorious and immortal memory to Ireland) had granted a patent, for the term of fourteen years, to one William Wood, to coin half-pence and farthings, in England, to the value of a certain sum, for the use of Ireland. These half-pence and farthings were to be received by those only who should chuse so to do, but to be forced upon none.

They were about eleven parts in twelve under the real value. But, supposing they had been made ever so good, no man living was obliged, or by virtue of the prerogative of the crown, could be compelled to receive them in any payment whatsoever; nothing being, in truth, the current coin of England or Ireland, besides gold and silver, of the right sterling, and standard.

The baser metals are only, by custom, accepted for the conveniency of change; which every man that pleases may refuse whenever he shall think proper.

This patent of Wood's appearing to be of such dangerous consequence to the public, and of such exorbitant advantage to the patentee, Dr. Swift, now known

in Dublin by the unequivocal title of, *The dean*, in order to expose the fraud to the competency of all understandings, wrote, and caused to be published, a short treatise, with this remarkable and humorous title.

A letter to the shopkeepers, tradesmen, farmers, and common people of Ireland, concerning the brass halfpence, coined by one William Wood, Hardware-man, with a Design to have them pass in this Kingdom. By M. B. Drapier.

In this letter the judicious cannot but observe, that he hath adapted his style, his phrases, his humour, and his address, in a very surprizing manner, to the taste and apprehension of the populace. Nor indeed is the title page wholly void of that captivating rhetoric, which is admired by the common people; for it concludes like that of *The whole duty of man*, very proper to be kept in every family.

This first letter was succeeded by several others to the same purpose, but without confining his style and phrases to the taste of the multitude; and although through the whole of them he talks of liberty in a strain highly becoming

coming a warm and zealous defender of the rights of his country, which he maintains with great force of law, reason, justice, and eloquence, he never once deviates, in the whole series of his arguments, from the distinguishing characteristics of a most loyal subject; whatever might have been insinuated to the contrary by some degenerate wretches, and sycophants to the pandars of power.

At the sound of the Drapier's patriot trumpet, the spirit of the Irish nation was roused. Most persons of every rank, party, and denomination, were convinced, that the admission of Wood's copper coin must prove the ruin of the kingdom.

The Whig, the Tory, the Papist, the Fanatic, all lifted themselves volunteers under the Drapier's banner, and appeared all equally zealous to serve in the common cause. Much heat of blood, and many fiery speeches against the then administration, were the consequence of this union of parties; nor would the flames of commotion have been allayed, notwithstanding the many severe threats from the courts of law, and several government-proclamations, had not Wood withdrawn his patent; the timely cessa-

tion of which, perhaps, prevented the general insurrection of a most loyal people; when not too far provoked.

Such had been the iniquity of the prostitute delegates of power in those days, that a reward of three hundred pounds was offered for the author of the *Fourth Letter*; and chiefly, because he had maintained therein the liberty of his country, and declared, in very spirited terms, worthy of a brave and resolute mind, that he would continue firm and faithful to his sovereign lord the king, whatever turn, in the vicissitudes of this world, his majesty's affairs might possibly take in other parts of his dominions.

As the author of that *Fourth Letter* could not be discovered, Harding the Printer was indicted in the usual forms, and brought to the King's Bench, to be tried before the abovementioned Chief Justice Whitshed. But the noble spirited jury, friends to their country and the public welfare, would not find the bill.

Whereupon the chief justice (unbecoming of his place) dissolved the jury, on account of which he deserved to be impeached

impeached by the house of commons; because the dissolving of a grand jury by any judge before the end of the term, assizes, or sessions, while matters are under their consideration, and not presented, is arbitrary, illegal, destructive to public justice; a manifest violation of his oath, and is a means of subverting the fundamental laws of the realm.

But as the then house of commons of Ireland, for reasons best known to themselves, forbore to prosecute the chief justice for so flagrant a violation of their constitution, Swift seized upon him as his proper prey, scourged, and harrassed him out of all his patience by many sarcastic epigrams, squibs, and other severe reflections upon his iniquitous conduct, till at last he rendered him odious and contemptible to the whole kingdom. Whithed was so affected thereby, that he died soon after.

While the proclamation was in force against the author of the *Fourth Letter*, there was but one person that could have informed against him, to wit, his own butler, who had transcribed the paper for him.

It capriciously happened, that on the very day of the said proclamation's being issued, this man went abroad in the afternoon, and without his master's leave, which was unusual. He moreover staid out the whole night, and the greater part of next day, which uncustomary absence of the fellow not a little alarmed the doctor and his friends, who all concurred in thinking that he had gone to betray his master, and receive the reward of his perfidy.

The butler, however, returned home towards the evening. The easily irritated doctor (contrary to the advice of his friends) fell upon him with outrageous severity (of which no man had more at command) ordering him to strip off his livery, and to get out of the house directly.

"I know you, villain," said the doctor, "I am in your power, and for that very reason I will the less bear with your neglect or insolence. I suppose, by this time, you are rewarded, or in a fair way of being so, for your perfidy to me."

Although the butler (who confessed he had been drinking all night) protested

tested and swore to his innocence; nay more, entreated to be confined a prisoner in the house, as long as the proclamation could entitle him to any reward of betraying his master; lest poverty, or some other temptation, might compel him to be guilty of an action which his soul abhorred.

All the butler's sanguine declarations could be of no weight with the dean; nor could his friends persuade him to give one shilling towards the support of his servant till the danger was over.

As soon as the time limited by the proclamation was expired, the butler returned home to his master, with whom he lived for some time in his former station; until one morning the dean suddenly commanded him to strip off his livery, and put on his own cloaths.

The poor butler stared with surprize, not knowing for what new crime he could have deserved to be turned out of his place. The dean, observing his confusion, asked him if he had no cloaths of his own to put on. The butler answered, he had. Upon which the dean said, "Go your ways, and as soon as you shall have put off your livery, and
" dressed

“dressed yourself in your own cloaths,
“return immediately to me.”

The butler having obeyed, and returned to his master, the dean called up some other of his servants, and ordered them to take notice, that Robert the butler was no longer his servant, but Mr. Blakely, the verger of St. Patrick's cathedral, a place worth about thirty pounds per annum, which he had given him as a reward of his fidelity. Robert, however, would not quit his master; but lived with him for some years after in the station of a butler.

The name of Augustus was not bestowed upon Octavius Cæsar with more universal approbation, than the name of the Drapier was bestowed upon the dean; and he had no sooner assumed this new cognomen, than he became the idol of the people of Ireland, and to such a fervency of devotion, as, that in the most superstitious countries few idols have ever obtained.

Libations to his health, or rather zealous bumpers were poured forth to the Drapier, in all companies, signs of the Drapier weighing Wood and coin (with this, or some such inscription, *Bad Metal,* and

and worse Weight) were hung out in almost every street in Dublin; and in every tradesman's parlour was a print of the Drapier.

Continued acclamations and vows for his prosperity attended him whenever he appeared abroad. He was consulted in all points relating to domestic policy in general, and to the trade of Ireland in particular.

He was indeed more immediately looked upon as the legislator of the weavers, who frequently came in a body, consisting of fifty or sixty chieftains of their trade, to receive his advice, in settling the rates of their manufactures, and the wages of their journeymen.

He received their addresses with less majesty than sternness, and ranging his voluntary subjects in a circle round his parlour, spoke as copiously, and with as little difficulty and hesitation, to the several points in which they supplicated his assistance, as if trade had been the only study and employment of his life.

It was usual, when elections were depending for the city of Dublin, that many corporations would refuse to declare themselves till they had consulted his

sentiments and inclinations; which were punctually followed with equal chearfulness and submission. While his health continued, he never lost any of this state of power and national affection, which is more than kings can boast of.

At the close of the Drapier's letters, which are all very serious and political, is a piece of humour and ridicule, which occasioned a great deal of mirth and laughter in those times. The title of this whimsical tract is, *A full and true account of the solemn procession to the gallows, at the execution of William Wood, Esquire, and Hardware-man.*

Besides these papers, the dean wrote several copies of verses, to expose that vile impostor Wood and his accomplices, to the contempt and hatred of all honest Irishmen; to wit, *Prometheus—A simile on our want of silver—On Wood the iron-monger—Wood, an insect—An epigram, or Wood's brass money—Willy Wood's petition to the people of Ireland.*

As the Drapier's letters, written in the year 1724, &c. are founded on the secure basis of the laws of our country, and supported throughout the whole with the warmest zeal for liberty, they will,

may

may must, for ever command the veneration of those, who are not unworthy to enjoy the blessings of our constitution.

The next piece of the Dean's is, *A short view of the state of Ireland*, written in the year 1727. In this pamphlet the author enumerates fourteen causes of any country's flourishing and growing rich; and then examines what effects arise from these causes in the kingdom of Ireland. It must be owned, that since the writing of this pamphlet, several alterations for the better have taken place in Ireland, through the universal encouragement given to industry, the premiums of the Dublin society, &c.

But, alas! great amendments are yet wanting in the general state of the nation, to put them on the footing of a rich, happy people; although by their loyalty to the present happy establishment, and joint benefits of situation, climate, and all the advantages nature can pour on a nation, none more deserve to be so.

Subsequent to the former is a piece, entitled, *An answer to a paper, called a memorial of the poor inhabitants, tradesmen, and labourers of the kingdom of Ireland*;

Ireland; written in the year 1728, which, as far as it relates to agriculture and grazing, displays the great evils relative to these two heads, under which the kingdom of Ireland still groans.

The pamphlet which comes next in order of succession, is written with Swift's usual peculiarity of humour, and is entitled, *A modest proposal for preventing the children of poor people in Ireland, from being a burden to their parents and country; and for making them beneficial to the publick*; written in the year 1729.

The extraordinary proposal is to fatten beggars children, and sell them for food to rich landlords, and persons of quality. This tragi-comic treatise, equally the product of the author's despair and benevolence, seemeth to have been written in the bitterness of Swift's soul, and principally addressed to the consideration of those merciless tyrants, who starve and oppress their fellow-creatures, even to the shame and destruction of their country.

Though this serio-comic proposal of fattening the children of beggars, cottagers, and farmers, as they do lambs and pigs for the markets, and selling their

their carcases to the wealthy, may at first sight alarm all humane readers, yet it will on reflection appear to be the most effectual method of touching hard hearted landlords, the bane of Ireland, upon whom all mild arguments had failed, by recommending to them, as their properest food, and to which they were duly entitled, the childrens flesh, whose parents they had already devoured.

The dean wrote, in the year 1730, *A vindication of his excellency John Lord Carteret (now Earl of Granville) from the charge of favouring none but Tories, High Churchmen, and Jacobites.* In this pamphlet the failings of that accomplished nobleman, arising from the prejudices of great talents, and a learned education, are finely displayed with infinite wit and humour.

It must, however, be confessed, that in this pamphlet there is couched abundance of satire. That poor angry bustling mortal Pistorides is treated with all imaginable contempt.

In the dean's satire against Traulus, he spares not to draw blood at every stroke. The former part of it is stingingly sarcastic, and the latter as cuttingly ironical.

cal. The account of Agesilaus being caught by the parson of the parish riding on a hobby horse with his children, and some other touches of the like sort, are highly entertaining.

Having heretofore observed, that Swift did not appear as a political writer from the year 1714 to the year 1720, the curious reader may desire us to inform him how he employed his leisure hours all that time, it being impossible for so great and active a genius to lie all that time fallow; little or nothing of his appearing in that space, but a few poetical pieces on domestic occurrences, to Dr. Sheridan and Stella, and to be looked on as sportive or complimentary trifles.

He employed all his leisure time of these five or six years in writing *The travels of Lemuel Gulliver into several remote nations of the world*. The work is divided into four parts, and is to be looked on in no other light, than as a direct, plain, and bitter satire against the innumerable follies and corruption in law, politics, learning, morals, and religion.

In these travels the author has exerted a force of ridicule and satire, pointed so directly against the depravities of human kind,

kind, and supported with such abundance of pleasantry and wit, as, indeed, more than persuadeth us to believe that his intention was either to laugh vice and immorality (if possible) quite out of the world; or, at least, to avenge the cause of virtue, on all the abettors and patrons of iniquitous measures.

Let us proceed, by taking a joint view of the two first parts. In one, the inhabitants of Lilliput are represented, as if reflected from a convex mirror, by which every object is reduced to a despicable minuteness. In the other, the inhabitants of Brobdingnag, by a contrary mirror, are enlarged to a shocking deformity.

In Lilliput we behold a set of puny insects, or animalcules in human shape, ridiculously engaged in affairs of importance. In Brobdingnag, the monsters of enormous size, are employ'd in trifles. There is observed throughout, by the ingenious author, a great exactness in the just proportion and appearances of the several objects thus lessened and magnified.

Lemuel's voyage to Lilliput, as well as that to Brobdingnag (the machinery, and some particular sallies of nature, wit, and

and humour, only excepted) are entirely political.

The author's meaning throughout the whole, especially where he glances at the history of his own times, the wars of Europe, and the factions of Whig and Tory, is to be found so very near the surface, that it would almost be an affront to the common reason of those, who are at all versed in the affairs of the world, to offer at any farther explication.

The third part, that is, *Gulliver's voyage to Laputa*, is designed to turn into ridicule the absurd and vain pretensions of projectors, chemists, and mathematicians, with all the rest of the idly speculative tribes, who waste their precious time in visionary studies, by no means calculated to improve the faculties of the mind, or to enlarge the number of ideas.

The mathematicians (particularly those entirely devoted to their circles, telescopes, &c.) are a race of mortals, so very abstracted from all the necessary affairs of life, that scarce one in a score of them can converse rationally. A certain degree of mathematical knowledge is of great use in several arts and sciences.

The account GULLIVER gives of his entertainment at Glubdubdrib, or the island of forcerers, abounds with a noble extravagance of wit, and is most humourously entertaining.

The idly celebrated son of Philip of Macedon, called Alexander the great, at the head of his army, just after the battle of ARBELLA, assured GULLIVER, upon his honour, that he was not poisoned, but died of a fever, by excessive drinking.

And afterwards, the boast of Carthage, and the terror of Rome, HANNIBAL, declared also to him, upon his honour, that when passing the Alps, he had not a drop of vinegar with him in his camp.

Lemuel Gulliver, in the eighth chapter of the voyage to Laputa, becomes curious to know the situation of poets and philosophers, who have as eagerly contended for fame as the abovementioned heroes. He desires that Homer and Aristotle may make their appearance at the head of their commentators.

HOMER, as Gulliver informs us, " was
 " the taller and comlier person of the
 " two; walked very erect, for one of his
 " age; and his eyes were the most quick
 " and

“and piercing he had ever beheld.” It is certain that Homer has rather gained than lost vigour by his years.

Two thousand six hundred years have not unbraced the nerves of his reputation, nor given one wrinkle to the brow of his fame. All that our author means here by making Gulliver give Homer the most quick and piercing eyes he had ever beheld, is to insinuate, that the great father of *epic*, and therein of all other poetry, had the most quick and piercing genius of all the human race.

The description of Aristotle is very fine: for, in a few words, it represents the true nature of his works. “He stooped much, and made use of a staff. His visage was meagre, his hair lank and thin, and his voice hollow.”

By not having the immortal spirit of HOMER, he was unable to keep his body erect: and the staff which weakly supported him, like his commentators, made that defect more conspicuous. He wanted not some useful qualifications; but their real ornaments, like his hair, were thin and ungraceful. His style was harsh, and, like his voice, had neither force nor harmony.

Aristotle

Aristotle was, without doubt, a man of great genius and penetration; but he has done infinite more prejudice than service to real literature. He studied words more than facts, and delivered his philosophy perplexed with such intricate, logical terms, as have laid a foundation for the endless scholastic disputations, which have corrupted and retarded the progress of learning.

He waged war with all his predecessors. He never quotes an author, except with a view to refute his opinion. Like the great Turk, he did not think his literary throne could stand in safety till after having first destroy'd his brethren.

The famous *Stagyrite** was as ambitious in science as his pupil Alexander was in arms. He aimed to be a despotic original, and not only the prince, but the tyrant of philosophy.

The description of the *Struld-brugs*, in the tenth chapter, is an instructive piece of morality; so far, if considered in a serious light, as it ought to be, it tends to reconcile us to our final dissolution.

* Aristotle is frequently so called from the place of his nativity.

Death,

Death, when set in contrast with the immortality of the *Struld-brugs*, is no longer the king of terrors : he loses his sting. He appears to be a friend. We cheerfully obey his summons, because it brings certain relief to the greatest miseries. Swift, in this description shines in a particular manner.

Alas ! he felt, perhaps, in himself the effects of approaching age, and tacitly dreaded that period of life, in which, (by the weakness enfeebled flesh is heir to) he might become a representative of those miserable immortals. His apprehensions have been unfortunately fulfilled.

He lived to be the most melancholy sight that was ever beheld ; yet, even in that condition, he continued to instruct, by appearing a striking instance of the frailty of our nature, and sufficient to mortify that vanity which is but too apt to dilate our bosoms upon any trivial advantage.

Our life cannot be pronounced happy, till the last scene is closed with ease and resignation. The mind still continues to preserve its usual dignity, and falling into the arms of death, as a wearied traveller sinks into rest.

It

It is somewhat amazing, as it is undeniably true, that *The dean*, for many years, had a presentiment of the helpless and unhappy state he was to fall into. For, long before the loss of his memory, it was observed to be a common saying of his, at the time of his parting in the evening with an intimate friend that used to visit him twice or thrice a week: "Well, God bless you; good night to you: but I hope I shall never see you again."

In this manner he would frequently express the desire he had to get rid of this world, after a day spent in cheerfulness, without any provocation from anger, melancholy, or disappointment whatever. And this presentiment of his is farther confirmed by an accident that happened about the latter end of the year 1739.

As the dean and a clergyman were talking together in one of the bed-chambers at the deanery house, they stood for some time between the windows, under a very large and weighty pier-glass; but upon their moving accidentally to another part of the room, down fell the glass, and broke into a thousand pieces, within half a minute after they had quitted the place.

E

"Was

“ Was it not a mercy ” (observed the clergyman to the dean) “ that we moved
 “ from that spot the moment we did ;
 “ for, undoubtedly, if we had staid there
 “ any longer, we should both have been
 “ killed.”

“ I am sorry for it ; ” (replied the dean)
 “ I wish the glass had fallen upon me.”
 This is a very remarkable proof how
 strongly apprehensive he was that his me-
 mory should fail him entirely before the
 time of his decease.

The fourth and last part of Lemuel
 Gulliver's imaginary travels, is a voyage
 to the *Houynhnymms*. Our general answer
 to all those whose mistaken delicacy, or
 rather affected squeamishness, may be of-
 fended thereat, is ; that if the brutality
 and filthiness of the *Yaboes* be painted
 by the powerful genius of Dean Swift,
 in colours the most shocking and detest-
 able, as these certainly are, and, in fact,
 they ought to have been ; the picture is
 the more striking, as well as the more
 terrible : and upon that very account
 the more likely to enforce the obligation
 of religion and virtue upon the human
 mind.

Having

Having thus far considered *The dean* as a politico-philosophical writer, let us now, *en passant*, say something of his poetical merit, which was really considerable.

His descriptions, wherein there constantly appear the distinguishing marks of his own peculiar talents, are extremely just and lively. Many of his groups are not to be excelled by any painter's imagination. His rhimes and his numbers are chaste and delicate.

In places when, rather by accident than choice, he rises from the earth, and soars into the regions of poetry, he is equal to the finest masters among the Greeks and Romans. His ideas are lofty, and his versification musically sonorous.

And yet, after all, he is not to be considered in the light of a professed poet. The multitude of his various writings, on various subjects, both in verse and prose, being an evident demonstration, that he was superior to any particular course of learning. He was born to be the encourager of virtue, and the terror of the wicked.

He never sat musing in his elbow chair in quest of new subjects, for the

exercise of his genius, and the advancement of his fame; but writ occasionally, to please and reform the world, as either politics or humour gave the spur to his faculties.

There are but few of his poems that seem to have been the labour of more than one day; how greatly soever they might have been corrected and polished afterwards, to his own liking, before he transcribed them.

In the month of October, 1710, he wrote a ballad, full of puns, on the Westminster election, that cost him half an hour, which had a great run; altho' he tells Mrs. Johnson, in one of his letters, it was good for nothing.

In the month of December, 1711, he wrote Toland's invitation to Disfmal to dine with the *Calves-head-club*; occasioned by his friend, the lord treasurer Oxford, hinting to him, one evening, that he wished a ballad was made on the earl of * * * *.

The members of the *Calves-head-club* (whether to their honour or not, let the reader judge) were about sixteen in number, and of the greatest men in England. They dined once a week, at each others houses

houses, or at taverns, if more convenient, by rotation.

The desired ballad was written by Swift; and which, according to his own observation, is not two degrees above Grubstreet. It was composed on the night of the request made, and sent the next morning to the press.

When it was brought, by the printer, to that famous and grand society, whereof Swift was a member, and (as we are informed in one of his letters to Mrs. Johnson) read by one of the company; it made them all laugh a dozen times.

This ballad having abundance of wit and humour, strangely adapted to the proceedings and outrage of the whigs, at that particular juncture, is not to be found in any collection of Swift's works, that we now can recollect. We think the republishing of it here must prove an agreeable present to all our readers of taste and spirit, as well as to the particular admirers of the author.

T-L-D's Invitation to DISMAL

To Dine with

*The Calves - Head - Club.*Imitated from HORACE, *Ep. v. L. i.**

IF, dearest Dismal, you for once can dine
 Upon a single dish, and tavern wine ;
 T--l--nd to you this invitation sends,
 To eat the calves head with your trusty friends :
 Suspend a-while your vain ambitious hopes,
 Leave hunting after bribes, forget your tropes,
 To-morrow we our *mystic feast* prepare,
 Where Thou, our latest *profelyte*, shall share :
 When

* For the farther entertainment of all classic readers, we think it proper to subjoin, at the bottom of the page, the Latin original.

Si potes Archiacis conviva recumbere lectis,
 Nec modica cœnare times olus omne patella ;
 Supremo tē sole domi, Torquate, manebo.

* * * * *

Mitte leves spes, et certamina divitiarum,
 Et Moschi causam. Cras nato Cæsare festus
 Dat veniam somnumque dies : impune licebit
 Æstivam sermone benigno tendere noctem.

* * * * *

Quid non ebrietas designat ? operta recludit ;

Spes

When we, by proper signs and symbols, tell,
How, by *brave hands*, the *royal TRAYTOR*
fell.

The meat shall represent the *tyrant's* head ;
The wine his blood our predecessors shed ;
Whilst an alluding hymn some artist sings,
We toast confusion to the race of kings.
At monarchy we nobly shew our spight,
And talk *what fools call treason* all the night.

Who, by disgraces or ill fortune, sunk,
Feels not his soul enliven'd when he's drunk ?
Wine can clear up G-d-lph-n's cloudy face,
And fill J-ck Sm-th with hopes to keep his
place ;
By force of wine ev'n Sc-rb-r-gh is brave ;
Hal grows more pert, and S-mm-rs not so
grave.

Spes jubet esse ratas ; in praelia tradit inermem ;
Sollicitis animis onus eximit ; addocet artes.
Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum ?
Contracta quem non in paupertate solutum ?
Hæc ego procurare et idoneus imperor, et non
Invitus ; ne turpe toral, ne sordida mappa
Corruget nares, ne non et cantharus et lanx
Ostendat tibi te ; ne fidos inter amicos
Sit, qui dicta foras eliminet : ut coeat par
Jungaturque pari. Brutum tibi, Septimiumque,
Et, nisi cœna prior, potiorque puella, Sabinum
Detinet, assumam. Locus est et pluribus umbris :
Sed nimis arcta premunt olidæ convivia capræ.
Tu quotus esse velis, rescribe ; et, rebus omisiss,
Atria servantem postico falle clientem.

Wine can give P-rt--d wit, and Cl-v-nd sense,
M--t-g-e learning, B-lt-n eloquence :

Ch--ly, when drunk, can never lose his wand,
And L-ne-n then imagines he has land.

My province is to see that all be right,
Glasses and linen clean, and pewter bright ;
From our *mysterious club* to keep out spies,
And tories (dress'd like waiters) in disguise.

You shall be coupled as you best approve,
Seated at table next the man you love.

S--nd--nd, Or--rd, B--le, and R--ch--d's grace,
Will come, and H--mp--ton, shall have W--
p-le's place.

W--rt-n, unless prevented by a whore,
Will hardly fail ; and there is room for more :

But I love elbow-room when e'er I drink ;
And honest Harry is too apt to stink.

Let no pretence of bus'ness make you stay ;
Yet, take one word of council by the way.

If Gu-rn-y call, send word you're gone abroad ;
He'll reaze you with King Charles and bishop
Laud ;

Or make you fast, and carry you to pray'rs :
But if he will break in, and walk up stairs—
Steal by the back-door out, and leave him there ;
Then order *Squash* to call a hackney chair.

Jan. 29.

If it cannot be denied on one hand,
that there runs an unabating vein of sa-
tire throughout all the writings of Dean
Swift, it must be owned on the other, as
he

he himself declares, no age could have more deserved it than that in which he was destined to live.

He is, therefore, justly entitled to all the praise we can bestow upon him, for having exerted his abilities (which were uncommonly great) in the defence of honour, virtue, and his country.

An article worthy of special observation is, that in his general satire, wherein, perhaps, thousands were equally meant, he hath never once, through malice, inserted the name of any one person. The vice, nevertheless, he exposed to contempt and ridicule.

But, in his particular satire, when egregious monsters, traitors to the commonwealth, and slaves to party, are the objects of his resentment, he cuts without mercy; in order that those, who trespass in defiance of laws, might live in fear of him.

If our readers expect that, in this work, we should enter into a minute detail of Swift's poetry, in order to point out his most striking beauties; our humble answer is, That, as for the dull or ignorant, such a disquisition would be quite fruitless: so all persons of taste and

learning are enabled to judge for themselves, as well as to admire the real beauties of an author, and accompany his flights into the most distant regions of poetry, without guide or monitor.

From these considerations we shall be very sparing in references and quotations of that sort. It is proper, however, to observe, that, in general, Swift's poetical writings, which, in their present situation, are only a beautiful heap of confusion, rather distracting the eye, and flashing upon the imagination, than conducting our fancies into poetical scenes, and commanding our approbation, while they improve our faculties, might easily be reduced to a number of classes under proper heads; and those which are too miscellaneous for any particular scenes, might follow the rest to posterity, in a course by themselves.

In such an order as here hinted, for the sake of the inimitable Swift's reputation, we earnestly recommend their being published by all future editors.

Nay, we farther assert, that the arrangement of his works in prose and verse (for indeed they are both strangely confused, through his own carelessness) would

would not be a difficult task to a man of common abilities, with any degree of attention.

One of the most distinguishing characters of Dr. Swift was, a bright and clear genius; so extremely piercing, that every, the most striking, circumstance, arising from any subject whatever, quickly occurred to his happy imagination; and those he frequently so accumulated one upon another, that, perhaps, beyond all other poets, of all ages and countries, he deserves in this particular to be the most universally admired.

And this choice of circumstances (if any stress can be laid on the opinion of Longinus, that great director of our taste and judgment) renders a composition truly noble and sublime. For his masterly sentiments thereon, we refer our readers to his tenth section.

The most remarkable pieces of this sort are, *The furniture of a woman's mind*; *BETTY, the Grizette*; *The journal of a modern lady*; *His poem on reading Dr. Young's satires*; *Mordanto*; *The description of a city shower*; *The description of Quilca*; *The description of the morning*; and, *The place of the damned*.

His

His great powers of the mind gave him also that *desperate hand*, as Pope terms it, in taking off all sorts of characters. We shall omit, for the present, those of a political nature, and mention but *The progress of poetry*; the second part of *Traulus*; *The progress of love*; *The character of Corinna*; and, *The beautiful young nymph just going to bed*.

By the last of these poems it appears, that his imagination could even dream in the character of an old battered strumpet. From the same inexhaustible fund he acquired the historic arts, both of designing and colouring, either in groups or in single portraits.

For instance: how exact, how lively and spirited, is that group of figures in *The journal of a modern lady*! how admirable also in point of single portrait, if we consider the design, the attitude, the drapery, or the colouring, is that excellent representation of Cassinus, in *The tragical elegy*!

Throughout all Dean Swift's poetical productions, although many of them be dedicated immediately to the fair sex, there cannot be found, to the best of our recollection, one single distich addressed

in

in the character of a lover to any person. If he wrote any poems of that sort in his younger days, they must have been destroyed; for, after the strictest research we have been able to make, we could never come to the knowledge of any.

Those verses upon women, which are deemed the most satirical, were written principally with a view to correct their foibles, to improve their taste, and to make them as agreeable companions at threescore, as at the age of five and twenty.

By all that ever we could hear, the most exceptionable of his poems in that way, have produced some very extraordinary effects in the public world; which was, in truth, the ultimate design of his writing *The lady's dressing-room*, and other pieces, which are acknowledged to be somewhat liable to censure on account of their indelicacy.

It is impossible to remark on the poetical works of Dean Swift, without being somewhat particular on the piece entitled, *Cadenus and Vanessa*; for that poem is built on the finest model, supported with infinite humour, wit and gaiety, embellished with ideas the most lovely and delicate,

licate, beautifully adorned with variety of the most attractive images, and conducted, throughout the whole, with such perfect regularity, that, beyond all other pieces, whether of Dean Swift, or of any other poet that has writ in the English language, it appears the best calculated to abide the severest examination of the critics.

In the apparatus of this poem we find, that Venus, the goddess of love and beauty, having cause to be afraid (upon hearing the merits of a trial between the *nymphs* and *shepherds*) that her sovereignty might be called in question on account of that wretched corrupt taste which prevail'd among the youth of both sexes, resolves on a political expedient, to maintain the dignity of her throne, and to reduce her rebellious subjects unto their loyalty, their chains, and their obedience.

This interesting debate, which had been spun out fourteen years, between the nymphs and shepherds, is supposed to have only commenced some few days before the birth of *Vanessa*.

But all we shall say here, in order to avoid transcribing whole pages after
pages

pages from the poem itself, to which we refer the curious, is, that the Cyprian queen having, in a view of trying an experiment, selected *Vanessa*, upon the day of her birth, from all the rest of the little female world, adorn'd her with every grace and beauty that is supposed to attract the admiration of the shepherds.

Venus, to accomplish her design, prevails on the goddess of *learning* (although by a stratagem) to pour down all her gifts into the bosom of this delightful girl.

Now let us take a view of *Vanessa*, in the poet's sense of her. With regard to the beauty, the elegance, the graces, the sweetness of her person, she is, beyond all contradiction, to use an expression of Parnel,

*All bright, as an angel new dropp'd from
the skies.*

With regard to the accomplishments of her mind; her soul is endued with knowledge, judgment, wit, decency, modesty, truth, justice, fortitude, honour, politeness, generosity, wisdom, and every other virtue which can possibly enter into
the

the composition of the most illustrious character. She had a soul worthy to be inhabitant of so beautiful, so angelic a mansion.

Thus far the smitten poet—but, as for our parts, whose business it is to act as dispassionate critics, it matters little or nothing to our purpose whether *Vanessa* be a real or a fictitious character.

If the character be drawn from real life, (as we have strong reason to think it was) we must insist upon it, that *Vanessa* behaved herself, throughout all the circumstances and vicissitudes of life, with unblemished honour: otherwise her character could not have even been poetically just; and consequently the poem, instead of being universally admired for its superior excellencies, would, (to speak in the harsh style of modern critics) have been damped on its first appearance for its inaccuracies and inconsistencies.

But, on the other hand, if the character be fictitious, the whole is certainly a fable; and consequently there never existed any such person as the charming *Vanessa*, so rapturously celebrated by Dean Swift in this divine poem.

How-

However, in justice to the honour and reputation of *Vanessa*, it is incumbent on us to remark, that *Cadenus*, from his earliest youth, had been always a courtier of the women, as far as words, and terms, and politeness, and gallantry, without professing any degree of sincerity, constancy, and love, can recommend a cavalier to their service.

It must indeed be owned, that courtship and address, without any protestations of fidelity and love, may be carried somewhat too far; as the deportment of *Cadenus*, to the beautiful and accomplished *Vanessa*, in his poetical representation of gallantry, in the piece before us, demonstrates sufficiently.

Can it then be any manner of astonishment, that *Vanessa* (before whom *Cadenus* might have sighed and languished, and to whom, at particular times, he might have both vowed and written) should have been encouraged to hope, as she liked his person, and was enamoured of his writings, that she might have carried off so glorious a prize from all the rest of her coteremporaries?

Suppose we grant all this, *Vanessa's* declaration to her admired *Cadenus*, may, with

without violence, be interpreted into a gentle demand of those tender affections, which, from the current of his behaviour towards her, she had a right to expect.

We can assert that Miss *Vanhomrigh* was, in her general converse with the world (observe, readers, she kept the best company in England and Ireland, with an unblemished reputation) as far from encouraging any style of address, inconsistent with the rules of honour and good breeding, as any woman alive,

Neither can it be said, if any conclusions may be drawn from her appearance and behaviour in Ireland, that she was either a vain woman, or fond of dress; although she was extremely nice and delicate, as well in the cleanliness of her person, as in every thing she wore.

Her only misfortune was, that she had a passion for Dr. Swift, which was not to be conquered; although it is a point incontestable, that Dr. Swift had never once made her the most distant overtures of marriage.

Her unhappy passion for him was, in all probability, the remote cause of her death; she languished for some years, and fell into a consumption, which wasted her

her by degrees. No medicine being found equal to counteract it.

One material point to be observed in her defence is, that she was not convinced of Dr. Swift's being married to Mrs. Johnson, until about two months before her (Miss Vanhomrigh's) decease. She was at last carried off by a fever in the year 1723, and in the 37th year of her age.

Thus died at Cellbridge as universally lamented, as worthier of an happier fate, the celebrated Mrs. Esther Vanhomrigh, a martyr to love and constancy, whose honour was spotless, and character unsullied.

We think this not an improper place to introduce an historical account of Mrs. Johnson, whose marriage with Dr. Swift was the unsurmountable obstacle of Miss Vanhomrigh's becoming his wife, which, above all things in this world, she was ambitious; and being disappointed in that flattering hope, thought it no longer worth her abiding in.

The real name of the so often celebrated Stella in Swift's works was Johnson. She was the daughter of Sir William Temple's steward, and the long
concealed

concealed wife of Dr. Swift, whose pride perhaps thought it a weakness beneath him to rank in the tame domestic list of husbands.

Sir William Temple bequeathed her in his will the sum of one thousand pounds, as an acknowledgment of her father's faithful services. It is now known, beyond all matter of doubt, that she was married to Dr. Swift in the year 1716, by Dr. Ashe, then Bishop of Clogher.

Mrs. Johnson (alias Stella) was a most amiable woman, in mind and person. She had an elevated understanding, with all the delicacy and softness of her sex. Her voice, however sweet in itself, was still rendered more harmonious by what she said.

Her wit was poignant without severity. Her manners were humane, polite, easy, and unreserved. Wherever she came, she attracted attention and esteem. As virtue was her guide in morality, sincerity was her guide in religion.

She was constant, but not ostentatious in her devotions. She was remarkably prudent in her conversation, and was perfectly well versed in all the lesser arts that employ a lady's leisure. Her wit supplied

supplied her with a fund of perpetual cheerfulness ; and her prudence kept that cheerfulness within proper limits.

Such was the all-accomplished Stella ; but notwithstanding these various endowments of mind and body, she could never prevail on the stubborn, or rather inflexible pride of Swift to acknowledge her as his wife. The shortest way to account for this conduct, is, that men of great genius have great oddities.

Some assign for the reason of Swift's not publicly acknowledging her his wife was, her father's having been a menial servant to Sir William Temple ; which we neither entirely deny, nor entirely subscribe to.

Mrs. Johnson and Dr. Swift continued the same oeconomy of life after marriage, which they had pursued before it. They dwelled in separate houses ; he remaining at the deanery, she in lodgings at a distance from him, and on the other side of the river Liffy.

Nothing appeared in their behaviour inconsistent with decorum, or beyond the limits of Platonic love. They conversed like friends ; but they industriously took care to summon witnesses of their conversation ;

versation; a rule to which they adhered so strictly, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to prove they had ever been together, without some third person.

A woman of Mrs. Johnson's great delicacy, and good understanding, could not but be much affected by this extraordinary conduct of her husband's, and the very perplexing situation she was in; for all the outward honours which she received as Stella, are as frequently bestowed upon a mistress as a wife.

It must have proved highly mortifying to a woman, who was absolutely virtuous, to be obliged to submit to all the appearances of vice, except in the presence of those few people, who were witnesses of the cautious manner in which she lived with her husband, who scorned to be married, or to act in aught like other men.

She pined in thought at her hard fate. Her inward anxiety affected by degrees the calmness of her mind, and the strength of her body. She began to decline in her health in the year 1724; and from the first symptoms of decay, she rather hastened, than shrunk back in the descent,

scant, tacitly pleased to find her footsteps tending to that place, *where they neither marry, nor are given in marriage.*

She expired towards the end of January 1727, or 1728, the victim of her cruel situation. Her fate indeed was hard, nor in all probability could she have incurred such from an alliance with any other mortal upon earth, but the very singular Dr. Swift.

He was sorely afflicted at the loss of her, which his unkind treatment had hastened; for, after her decease, all his public festivals at the deanery-house lost their usual brilliancy and elegance by the absence of Stella, who was always ceremoniously invited to preside on all such occasions, where she acquitted herself to the universal admiration of the company.

Did this coolness of Swift proceed from his being void of passion? No, certainly. He was a man of most violent passions, and in consequence thereof, very violent in his party, and to execute whatever he once undertook. A propos of party; *The Examiners*, the best party-papers ever written in our, or perhaps any other language, may be proposed as a model.

The

The warmth of them is allayed by an instructive dignity; and through the whole there appears a nervous style, a clear diction, and a true knowledge of the landed interest of England; which we recommend as a work well worthy of being read.

There is an anecdote proper for our readers to know, relative *To the public spirit of the Whigs*; a pamphlet of Dr. Swift's, written in answer to the *Crisis*, by Sir Richard Steele. It contains such acute satire against the nobility of Scotland, that in an advertisement printed before it we are informed,

“All the Scotch lords then in London went in a body to complain against the author; and the consequence of that complaint was, a proclamation, offering a reward of three hundred pounds to discover him;” to wit, the author of *The publick spirit of the Whigs*.

That pamphlet, which caused all this mighty bustle, was written in the year 1712, by the consent, nay, approbation and encouragement of the then ministry. In the style and conduct, this piece is one of the boldest, as well as one of the most masterly ever Swift wrote; and of whom

whom it is peculiarly to be remarked, that on whatever topic he employed his pen, the subject which he treats is so excellently managed, as to seem to have been the whole study and application of his life: so that it may (without partiality) be asserted of him, that he is the greatest master through a greater variety of materials, than perhaps have ever been discussed by any other writer.

As for the amusing trifles, the *Minutissimæ* of Swift's writings, which, we incline to think, he would not have suffered to be published, fond as he appeared to be of seeing his reveries in print, if he had been in the full vigour of his understanding; or had duly considered, that such trifles, which are weak as feathers in supporting a reputation, are as heavy as lead in sinking it.

His epistolary correspondence was mostly with the greatest geniusses of England; to wit, Mr. Pope, whom he had a particular friendship for, Lord Bolingbroke, &c. Swift has been often heard to say, "When I sit down to write a letter, I never lean upon my elbow, till I have finished it."

By this expression he meant, that he never studied for particular phrases, or polished paragraphs. His letters therefore are the true representatives of his mind. They are written in the warmth of his affections; and when they are considered in the light of kindness and sincerity, they illustrate his character to a very high degree.

Throughout his various correspondence, courteous reader, you will discover very strong marks of an anxious benevolent friend, and the misanthropic tincture of his mind gradually vanish in the good natured man.

On reading his letters to Mr. Gay, you will be of our sentiment; and on reading those to Dr. Sheridan, in the eighth volume, you will be farther confirmed in that opinion. We may therefore compound to lose satire and raillery, when we gain humanity and tenderness in their stead.

Yet even in some of Swift's highest scenes of benevolence, his expressions are delivered in such a manner, as to seem rather the effects of haughtiness than of good nature: but he is never to be

he looked upon as a traveller in the common road.

He must be viewed by a *camera obscura*, that turns all objects the contrary way. When he appears most angry, he is most pleased; when most humble, he is most assuming. Such was the man, and in such variegated colours must he be painted.

In the several accounts which he gives of his situation at Dublin, and the idle manner of his passing his time there, he writes sometimes in an ironical, and sometimes in a contrary style. But, in one of his letters, dated August 28, 1731, he tells Gay, "That the most arrant trifles of his former writings are serious philosophical lucubrations, in comparison to what he now busies himself about;" and his conclusive words are, "As the world may one day see."

By this desire of letting the world see, what other men of less wit, and more discretion, would have carefully kept concealed, he has laid himself open to the censure of his enemies, and beyond the reach of any defence from his friends.

He has not only committed to the press a more despicable heap of writings,

but has publicly recorded the lowest amusements of his private scenes of life, without having once suspected that persons, whose stations or abilities have fixed them in a conspicuous point of light, are looked upon by the rest of the world with a very critical, and a very envious eye.

In answer to this remark, our readers may reply; Great minds require to be often unbent. We grant it; but insist at the same time, that these relaxations might be chosen so, as to make idleness appear in a beautiful light.

In so doing, Swift would have forfeited a less degree of fame. For it would have been much better for his reputation, as a man of wit and genius, to have employed so many years in playing at push-pin (the records of which he could not have printed) than by composing various kinds of nonsense; and which (what is still worse) by his own option have been honoured with a place in his works.

But this fondness for trifles was the symptom of a strong mind unhinged. The total deprivation of his senses came on him by degrees. In the year 1736,

I remember him seized with a violent fit of giddiness. He was at that time writing a satirical poem, called *The legion club*; but he found the effects of his giddiness to be so dreadful, that he left the poem unfinished; and never after attempted a composition of any length, either in prose or verse.

However, his conversation still remained the same; lively and severe: but his memory gradually grew worse and worse: and as that decreased and was impaired, he appeared every day more fretful and impatient.

From the year 1739, to the latter end of 1741, his friends found his passions so violent and ungovernable, his strength so decayed, and his memory so depraved, that they took the utmost precaution to keep all strangers from approaching him.

For until that period he had not appeared totally incapable of conversation. Alas! early in the year 1742, the small remains of his understanding became entirely confused, and the violence of his rage increased absolutely to a degree of madness.

From being at first an outrageous lunatic, he afterwards sunk into a quiet, speech-

speechless ideot; and dragged out the remainder of his life in that helpless situation. It is really surprizing what a long apprehensive forefeeling he had of his being to fall one day into so unhappy a state; and by that he was perhaps influenced to found an hospital for lunatics.

He has been often heard to lament the state of childhood and ideotism, to which some of the greatest men of this nation were reduced before their death. He mentioned as examples within his own time, the Lord Sommers, and the duke of Marlborough; and when he cited these melancholy instances, it was always with a heavy sigh, and with gestures that shewed great uneasiness, as if he felt an impulse of what was to happen to him before he died.

He expired towards the latter end of October 1745. The manner of his death was easy, without the least pang or convulsion. Even the rattling in his throat was scarce sufficient to give any alarm to his attendants, till within some very little time before he fetched the last gasp.

A man, in possession of his sound reason, would have wished for such an easy kind

kind of dissolution: but, alas! poor Swift, who had long lingered in a living death, was totally insensible of happiness or pain at his exit.

He had not even the power or expression of a child, appearing for some time before his decease reserved only as an example to mortify human pride, and to reverse that fine description of human nature, which is given us by Shakespear, in an inimitable manner.

“What a piece of work is man! how
 “noble in reason! how infinite in faculty!
 “in form and moving how express
 “and admirable! in action how like an
 “angel! in apprehension how like a
 “god! the beauty of the world! the
 “paragon of animals!”

No mortal, while in the vigour of life, ever approached nearer to this noble description of humanity than Dr. Swift; but, alas! what a dreadful falling off towards the end of his life!

Thus poets paint; but how faint and perishable are their pictures? The smallest thunderbolt from heaven blasts them in a moment, and every tenet is so effectually obliterated, that scarce the outlines of the painted shadow remain.

Dean Swift, as we have been informed, died worth about twelve thousand pounds, inclusive of the specific legacies mentioned in his will, and which may be computed at the sum of twelve hundred pounds; so that the remainder, near eleven thousand pounds, is entirely appropriated to the hospital for *ideots* and *lunatics*: a charitable foundation, particularly beneficial in those kingdoms, where the epidemical distemper of lunacy is so prevalent, that it will constantly furnish the largest building with a sufficient number of inhabitants.

Dr. Swift's will, like all his other writings, is drawn up in his own peculiar manner. For, even in so serious a composition, he cannot help indulging himself in leaving legacies that carry with them an air of raillery and jest.

He disposes of his three hats (his first best, his second best, and his third best beaver) with an ironical solemnity that renders the bequests ridiculous.

He bequeaths to Mr. John Grattan, "A silver box, to keep therein the tobacco which the said John usually chewed, called *pigtail*." But his legacy to Mr. Robert Grattan is still more extraordinary.

Item,

Item, " I bequeath to the Rev. Mr.
 " Robert Grattan, prebendary of St.
 " Andrews, my strong box, on condi-
 " tion of his giving the sole use of the
 " said box to his brother Dr. James
 " Grattan, during the life of the said
 " doctor, who hath most occasion for
 " it."

These are so many last impressions of his turn and way of thinking : and I dare say the persons, thus distinguished, look upon these instances as affectionate memorials of his friendship, and as tokens of the jocose manner with which he had treated them during his life-time.

His monumental inscription written by himself, and inserted at the beginning of his will, may confirm an observation which has been often made, that Swift was not an elegant writer of Latin. An harsher epitaph has seldom been composed.

It is indeed scarce intelligible ; and if explicable, is a proof how difficult a task it is, even for the greatest genius, to draw his own character, or even to represent himself and his actions in a proper manner to posterity. We think, in general, that it is better for great writers

ters to leave that task to others. Doing it themselves carries an air of vanity, or of affectation at least.

As Dean Swift's works are now published, the tract, which immediately follows the will, is, *The directions to servants*. It is imperfect and unfinished. The editor tells us, that a preface and a dedication were to have been added to it. According to the best informations we have been able to get, this pamphlet was not published till after the dean's death. But it is said that the manuscript was handed about, and applauded in his life-time.

To say the most that can be offered in its favour, the tract is written in so facetious a kind of low humour, that it must please many readers: nor is it without some degree of merit, by pointing out with an amazing exactness (and what in a less trivial case must have been called judgment) the faults, tricks, blunders, lies, and various knaveries of domestic servants.

How much time must have been employed in putting together such a work! What an intenseness of thought must have been bestowed upon the lowest, and most

most slavish scenes of life! It is one of those subjects, that the utmost strain of wit can scarce sustain from sinking.

A man of Swift's exalted genius ought constantly to have soared into higher regions. He ought to have looked upon persons of inferior abilities as children, whom nature had appointed him to instruct, encourage, and improve.

Superior talents seem to have been intended by Providence as public benefits; and the person, who possesses such blessings, is certainly answerable to heaven for those endowments, which he enjoys above the rest of mankind.

Let him jest with dignity, and let him be ironical upon useful subjects; leaving poor slaves to "heat their porridge, or drink their small beer," in such vessels as they shall find proper. Dr. Swift, it seems, had not this way of thinking, and having long indulged his passions, at last, perhaps, mistook them for his duty.

Mistakes of this kind are neither surprising nor extraordinary. In point of religion, it has carried men into great extravagancies; in those of morality into no less: but in politics into the greatest of all.

Our

Our inclinations are so apt to hurry us into inconsiderate actions, that we are afterwards inclined to flatter ourselves they are right, only because they have proceeded from our own thoughts and directions. Thus Swift, when he had once established the rule of *Vive la bagatelle*, was resolved to pursue it at all hazards. It is to be wished that his thoughts had taken another turn.

The lower class of mankind pass on unnoticed ; the great are only censured. They ought to be particularly attentive to every step they take. The dean of St. Patrick's should have known himself, as

—*Rex idem hominum, Phœbique sacerdos,*

and should have remembered, that kings and priests are extremely liable to be censured. Poor Swift ! Why did he sink beneath himself before he was deprived of reason ? Commit, judicious reader, to oblivion the trifling of his pen ; and, for the rest, you must admire him as an honour to the public, and a scourge to all the knaves and fools of his time.

In the last edition of Swift's works, three pamphlets, relating to Ireland, successively follow "The directions to servants;" — the first is entitled, "Reasons humbly offered to the parliament of Ireland, for repealing the sacramental test, in favour of the Roman Catholics." The second, "Some reasons against the bill for settling the tythe of hemp, flax, &c. by a modus." The third, "Some further reasons against the bill for settling the tythe of hemp, flax, &c."

The subject matter of those pamphlets may, perhaps, be little worth the perusal of any but of Irish readers, being interesting to them alone; their style, however, will always deserve even a stranger's attention.

These pieces are here very much misplaced; and, in a more methodical edition of the dean's works, ought to appear with such other pieces as have been composed by him against the Dissenters.

The first tract is written under the assumed character of a Roman Catholic; by which means the author attacks his adversaries with great advantage. He freely acknowledges the several atrocious crimes of the Papists; but, at the same time

time, palliates them so skilfully, that, from the very acknowledgment, he enables himself to aim the heavier blows at the Presbyterians.

The greatest art, and the keenest strokes of irony display themselves throughout the whole composition; and the conclusion of it is drawn up with a mixture of serious and ironical arguments, that seem to bid defiance to all kinds of refutation.

The two next pamphlets, "For settling the tythe of hemp, &c. by a modus," are entirely adapted to the clergy of Ireland. They are remarkable for a greater fund of calmness, but not for a less degree of spirit, than is to be met with in most of his political writings.

There are also published, in the same volume with the above tracts, three sermons of the *dean*; and curious for such reasons as would make other works despicable. They were writ in a careless, hurried manner; and were the offspring of necessity, not of choice: so that the original force of his genius is to be seen more in those compositions, that were the legitimate sons of duty, than in other pieces, that were the natural sons of love.

They

They were held in such low esteem, in his own thoughts, that, some years before he died, he gave away the whole collection to Dr. Sheridan, with the utmost indifference: "Here, (says he) are a bundle of my old sermons; you may have them if you please. They may be of use to you; they have never been of any to me."

The parcel given to Dr. Sheridan is said to have consisted of five and thirty sermons, of which the three above hinted at are the only published. The first is upon *Mutual subjection*, and that duty which is owing from one man to another. A clearer style, or a discourse more properly adapted to a public audience, can scarce be framed. Every paragraph is simple, nervous, and intelligible.

The next sermon, or rather moral essay, is upon the *Testimony of conscience*; in which the author inserts some very striking observations upon such false notions of honour as are too prevalent in the world. The third discourse, upon the *Trinity*, is indeed a sermon, and one of the best in its kind.

Let us now say somewhat of other productions of Swift, hitherto omitted by

by us ; for it is almost impossible to be scrupulously methodical in giving an account of his writings, which are on such a variety of subjects, written at such different periods of time, and so confusedly huddled together in all the editions we have as yet had of them.

The *Battle of the books* took its rise from the controversy between Sir William Temple and Mr. Wotton : a controversy which made much noise, and employed many pens, towards the latter end of the last century.

This humorous treatise, is drawn up in an heroi-comic style ; in which Swift, with great wit and spirit, gives the victory to the former. This is not an original invention of Swift's, but borrowed from a French work, called, *The way between the ancients and the moderns*, in an heroi-comic style, and divided into nine books.

The two chief heroes among Swift's modern generals, are Wotton and Bentley. Their figures are display'd in the most disadvantageous attitudes. The former is described, " Full of spleen, dullness, and ill manners." The latter ; Tall, without shape or comeliness ;

“ness; large, without strength or proportion.”

The *Battle of the books* is maintained by the antients with great superiority of strength, though not of numbers; and ends with the demolition of Bentley and his friend Wotton, by the lance of the late earl of Orrery, father of the present earl, of the same title, and also earl of Cork.

“*The fragment; or, A discourse concerning the mechanical operation of the spirit,*” is a satire against enthusiasm, and those affected inspirations, which constantly begin in folly, and very often end in vice. In this treatise the author has revelled in too licentious a vein of sarcasm.

Many of his ideas are nauseous, some are indecent, and others have an irreligious tendency. In all those tracts, where Swift's spleenetic disposition runs down, nay, degrades humanity, he tries to make us uneasy with ourselves, and unhappy in our present sphere of existence; there we think him undefensible; and that, censure is justly pointed at such works.

A pamphlet of the dean's (who was always a strenuous champion for the liberties

ties and rights of the church) entitled, "Some arguments against enlarging the power of bishops in letting leases," is written in a very clear, nervous, and convincing manner. We are sorry to remark, that the clergy, whom he so constantly endeavoured to serve, did not, on all occasions, behave with as much gratitude as they ought, to their volunteer benefactor. But, in general, it is enough for that species of mortals to preach virtues, and leave the practice of them to the drudging laity. There run throughout this pamphlet the author's characteristic strokes of irony.

The general subject of it leads us to recollect a circumstance that redounds much to Dean Swift's honour. He could never be induced to take fines for any of the chapter lands. He always chose to raise the rents, as the method the least oppressive to the present tenant, and most advantageous to all future tenants and landlords. He constantly refused to give charity out of the chapter funds; which he alledged were scarce sufficient to maintain the necessary repairs of the cathedral.

Another of the dean's pieces, in low life, is, "The speech and dying words of Ebenezer Elliston, who was executed the second of May, seventeen hundred and twenty-two; written and published at his desire, for the common good." It had a most excellent effect.

The thieves, vagabonds, and all the lower class of people, thought it the real work of Ebenezer Elliston; who had received the grounds of a good education. And the style of this paper is so natural for a person in such circumstances, that it would almost deceive the nicest judgment.

Advice offered to the members of the October club; which had been written so far back as the year seventeen hundred and eleven, is applicable to that particular æra of time, and contains very little matter to interest or entertain any reader now-a-days.

There are two letters of admonition in the dean's works; but we cannot ascertain the time when wrote. The one is, "To a young gentleman lately entered into holy orders;" the other, "To a young lady on her marriage." The former ought to be read by all the young clergy-

clergymen in the three kingdoms; and the latter by all the new-married women.

Here again blazes forth, in a conspicuous manner, the peculiar happiness of Swift's singular knack of writing. These letters, though addressed only to a young clergyman, and a newly married lady, are adapted to every age and understanding.

They contain observations that delight and improve every mind, and they will be read with pleasure, as well as advantage, by the oldest and most exemplary divines, and by the most distinguished and most accomplished ladies.

Even gravity herself must laugh at the story in one of the *Intelligencers of whisk and swobbers*; and the *Tatler*, on those inferior duties of life, called *Les petites morales*, ought to be hung up in every country squire's hall.

Polite conversation is a ridiculous exposition of the quaint and absurd phrases that were in his time practised by the unfurnished heads of both sexes, miscalled *High life*, or people of fashion; though, by their phraseology, which is here exhibited, it appears that none could be lower in understanding.

We shall not take upon us to defend *The lady's dressing-room*, which hath been universally condemned as deficient in point of delicacy, even to the highest degree. However, the best apology that can be made for it, is to suppose that the author exhibited his *Celia* in the most hideous colours he could find, lest she might be mistaken for a goddess, when she was only a mortal.

It must, however, on the whole, be acknowledged, that whatever might have been Swift's views, designs, or motives in order to deter from impudicity, that his want of delicacy and decorum in this and many other pieces ; such as,

Corinna high in Drury-lane,

For whom no shepherd sighs in vain, &c.

Must not hope to find even the shadow of an excuse. It would be the blindest partiality not to own that he too frequently forgot that politeness and tenderness of manners which are undoubtedly due to human kind.

Two, among many other, remarkable instances of the dean's folly, or, to use a milder term, author's vanity, are ; first,
 " An

“ An epistle to Dr. Sheridan.” Secondly, “ A description of the rocks at Carbery in Ireland.” He was extremely solicitous to have them printed among his works. And that is no less true than amazing ; he assumed to himself more vanity upon those two Latin poems, than upon many of his best English performances. Thus the great Milton is said to have preferred his *Paradise regained* to his *Paradise lost*.

Swift understood the Latin language perfectly well, and read it constantly ; but by his *Carberiae Rupes*, and the *Epistola ad Thomam Sheridan*, it manifestly appears, that he had no knack at Latin poetry.

There remains two English poems of his to be spoken of ; the first, “ The life and genuine character of the Rev. “ Dr. Swift ;” published in a manner quite different from those rules of poetry to which he confined himself ; and by that he hoped the publick might mistake it for a spurious or incorrect copy, stolen by memory from his original poem. He enjoy’d great pleasure in finding his expectation therein answered. This poem abounds with *Triplets*, to which he had always declared himself an enemy.

The

The second poem, entitled, "Verses
"on the death of Dr. Swift, occasioned
"by reading a maxim in Rochefou-
"cault," is a most pointed piece of sar-
casm. Not any of the dean's poems have
more wit; nor are any of them more se-
vere. In it he has summoned together
his whole power of satire and poetry. It
is a parting blow; the legacy of anger
and disappointment.

Dean Swift left but few manuscripts
behind him. Not one of any conse-
quence, except an account of the peace
of Utrecht; which he called *An history
of the four last years of Queen Anne*. It
has been lately published by Mr. Andrew
Millar, bookseller, in the Strand.

The title of a history is too pompous
for such a performance. Besides, in the
historical style, it wants dignity, and
candour. But, if looked upon as a poli-
tical pamphlet only, it will appear the
best defence of the earl of Oxford's admi-
nistration, and the clearest account of the
treaty of Utrecht that has hitherto been
written. It contains moreover a very
clear and satisfactory account of the ori-
gin and progress of that pernicious system
of public loans, and what they were
calculated for. The

The dean, in some of his leisure hours, had also begun an history of England; and pursued it down through two or three reigns, from William the conqueror. But the contempt which he conceived of our antient monarchs made him soon lay the design aside. His aversion to kings was invincible, as he declares in one of his poems :

*I, from my soul, sincerely hate
Both kings and ministers of state;*

The story of *The injured lady*, in a letter to her friend, with his answer, (the exact date of their being wrote is not fixed) are so express, clear, and significant, that no comment is necessary to give them a further illustration.

Having now finished our most material observations upon the life and writings of the dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin; it is time we draw towards the end. Few characters could have offered us so great a variety of faults and beauties; nor will this be an improper place to present our readers with two or three anecdotes of his life, which had escaped our memory in the preceding part of this work.

First,

First, It happened, when he was at the university of Dublin, that one day, as he was looking out of his window, pensive and melancholy (his pockets being then at the lowest ebb) having spied a master of a ship gazing about in the *college courts*; "Lord! thought he, if that person should now be enquiring and staring about for my chamber, in order to bring me some present from cousin Willoughby Swift, in Portugal, What a happy fellow should I be!"

He had scarce amused himself with this pleasing imagination, when behold! the master of the ship having come into his chamber, asked him if his name was Jonathan Swift? He told him it was. "Why then (said the master) I have something for you, that was sent to you by Mr. Willoughby Swift." Whereupon he drew out of his pocket a large greasy leather bag, and poured him out all the money, that it contained, on the table.

As the sum which he then received was greater than any he had ever been master of in his life before, at any one time, he pushed over a good number of silver cobs (for the present sent to him was all in

that specie) to the honest sailor, and desired he would accept of them for his trouble.

But the sailor would not touch a farthing. "No, no, master, said he, "I'll take nothing for my trouble; I "would do more than that comes to "for Mr. Willoughby Swift." Pleased with the sailor's declaration, Jonathan gathered up the money as fast as he could; fearing lest, if it should be longer on the table, he might repent him of his fit of generosity, and take some of it. This unexpected supply, instead of making young Swift a spendthrift, made him become a better oeconomist (than he had been) from that time forward.

2. When he was grown up to man's estate, had been long in priestly orders, and a graduate in the church, and even when dean of St. Patrick's, he still retained an openness in his disposition, and a frankness in his conduct, that bore an abhorrence to all kind of reserve, even to discretion. Solemnities and outward forms were despised by him.

This humorous disposition often tempted him to actions that were inconsistent with the dignity of a clergyman: and
such

such flights drew upon him the character of an irreligious man. In order to confirm what we have said, there is an authenticated story related of him, that fully shews how little he regarded certain ceremonies, which ought always to be observed with respect.

Soon after he had been promoted to the deanery of St. Patrick's, he was loitering one Sunday in the afternoon at the house of Dr. Raymond, with whom he had dined at Trim, a little town near Dublin, of which his host was vicar.

The bell had rung; the parishioners were assembled for evening prayers; and Dr. Raymond was preparing to go to the church, which was scarce two hundred yards from the house. "Raymond," said the dean, "I'll lay you a crown I will begin prayers before you this afternoon."

"I accept the wager," replied Dr. Raymond; and immediately they both ran as fast as they could towards the church. Raymond, who was much the nimbler man of the two, arrived first at the door; and when he entered the church, walked decently towards the reading desk.

Swift never slackened his pace, but running up the isle, left Dr. Raymond behind him in the middle of it, and stepping into the reading desk, without putting on a surplice, or opening the prayer-book, began the liturgy in an audible voice, and continued to repeat the service sufficiently long to win his wager.

To such a disposition it is impossible that the gravity of non-conformist could be agreeable. The dislike was therefore mutual. Dr. Swift hated all fanatics, and reciprocally all fanatics hated Dr. Swift, who was notwithstanding exact in discharging his function of dean.

3. An idle careless fellow, but an excellent singer, and one of the best performers belonging to St. Patrick's choir, having laboured for some time under the highest displeasure of the dean, was forced to absent himself from the church, and keep entirely out of his sight. But at last one Sunday evening, having ventured into the singing loft, full in the view of the dean, he began that particular anthem: "Whither shall I go, "whither shall I go; whither shall I "fly from thy presence?"

"To

“ To gaol, you dog you, to gaol,” said the doctor, in a voice loud enough to be heard by many that were about him. But the next morning he forgave the poor sinner, on his promise of amendment.

Few men have been more known and admired, or more envied or censured, than Dr. Swift. From the gifts of nature he had great powers; and from the imperfection of humanity he had many failings. He may be justly considered, as *An abstract and brief chronicle of the times* he flourished in; no man being better acquainted with human nature, both in the highest and the lowest scenes of life.

His friends and correspondents were the greatest and most eminent men of the age. The sages of antiquity were often the companions of his closet: and although he industriously avoided an affectation of learning, and generally chose to draw his materials from his own store; yet his knowledge in the antient authors evidently appears from the strength of his sentiments, and the classic correctness of his style.

Swift's natural temper seemeth to have been an amazing compound of the placid and the severe. The placid had sometimes the superiority in his breast; the severe oftener. His pride was excessive; for he has often declared, that he would not stoop to converse with the greatest monarch in Europe, upon any other terms than those of equality.

Notwithstanding this high spirit of his, beneficence was one of his most remarkable good qualities; for his purse strings could never remain tied, when he was informed that a deserving object wanted relief.

But his comprehensive generosity (for if on some occasions he appeared covetous, it was to be the more enabled to do acts of bounty) not being satisfied with relieving particulars, embraced the wants of the community.

He therefore established a charitable fund for the relief of poor tradesmen. The method practised was, they were to be recommended by credible house-keepers; upon which recommendation a small sum (not liable to any interest) was advanced to them to try their hands

on,

on, which they were to return in a certain time. But, upon a report made of their being careful and industrious, they were supplied with a larger sum, till enabled to do without; which then circulated to other indigents. The idle, and those who benefitted not thereby, were soon discarded.

The fund was, as we have been informed, some hundreds of pounds. The loans commonly were from forty shillings to twenty pounds; an object, to poor tradesmen, and particularly to the poor weavers, the generality of whom, at the time of this most humane institution, were in a very deplorable way.

But, by this excellent charity of Dean Swift, many families were rescued from the jaws of poverty, and reinstated in a happy situation of life. It was customary for those who throve, to make a present to add to that fund, by which they had been so providentially relieved.

With the great patriot this laudable scheme for assisting the industrious poor expired. In him they lost their father, In him Ireland lost her darling son, the

strenuous champion of her rights and liberties, against oppression, party, and the highest powers united. But the reputation of his inimitable works will reflect honour on her through all succeeding ages.

Having hitherto, in the run of our view of Swift's life and works, more than once hinted his intimacy and correspondence with the most eminent male personages of these kingdoms, it would be a wilful and injurious omission to the talents of the fair sex in general, and particularly to the Irish ladies, not to mention the female junto in Dublin, so much celebrated by dean Swift's taking notice of, and approving their abilities.

For instance: Mrs. Grierson, famed for her uncommon knowledge and spirited translations; of Mrs. Barber we have a volume of poems. But to avoid entering into a tedious enumeration of many others, we shall confine ourselves to Mrs. Pilkington, as remarkable for her lively sense, and truly poetic fancy, as eminent for the series of misfortunes which she drew upon herself; and from her, will extract some curious anecdotes relative to Dr. Swift.

Thus

Thus she says of herself: " Altho' it
 " was not in my power to give a succinct
 " account of the dean's life, yet I be-
 " lieve I am better qualified to do it
 " than most of those who have under-
 " taken it." On this assertion of hers,
 which neither during life, nor since, has
 been refuted, we may fix a reliance.

The dean, for the latter part of his
 life, contracting his acquaintance into a
 very narrow compass, for as he was fre-
 quently deaf, he thought this infirmity
 made him troublesome, and therefore
 kept no company, but such as he could
 be so free with, as to bid them speak
 loud, or repeat what they had said; it
 was owing to this, that Mr. P——n
 and I frequently passed whole days with
 him, while numbers of our betters were
 excluded; and as he was like another
Nestor, full of days and wisdom, so like
 him, he was pretty much upon the nar-
 rative, than which nothing could be
 more delightful to me, as pleasure and
 instruction flowed from his lips:

His words

*Drew audience, and attention still as night,
 Or summer's noontide air.*

MILT.

I re-

I remember in one of these periodical fits of deafness, for they returned on certain seasons on him, he sent for me early in the morning ; he told me when I came, he had found employment for me ; so he brought to me out of his study a large book, very finely bound in Turkey leather, and handsomely gilt ; this, says he, is a translation of the epistles of Horace, a present to me from the author, it is a special good cover ! But I have a mind there should be something valuable within side of it ; so taking out his penknife, he cut out all the leaves close to the inner margin. Now, says he, I will give these what they greatly want, and put them all into the fire. He then brought out two drawers filled with letters : Your task, Madam, is to paste in these letters in this cover, in the order I shall give them to you ; I intended to do it myself, but that I thought it might be a pretty amusement for a child, so I sent for you. I told him, I was extremely proud to be honoured with his commands : but, Sir, may I presume to make a request to you ; yes, says he, but ten to one I shall deny it. I hope not, Sir, it is this ; may I have leave to

read the letters as I go on? Why, provided you will acknowledge yourself amply rewarded for your trouble, I do not much care if I indulge you so far; but are you sure you can read? I do not know, Sir, I will try. Well, then, begin with this: It was a letter from Lord Bolingbroke, dated six o'clock in the morning; it began with a remark, how differently that hour appeared to him now rising cool, serene, and temperate, to contemplate the beauties of nature, to what it had done in some former parts of his life, when he was either in the midst of excesses, or returning home fatigued with them; so he proceeded to describe the numberless advantages with which temperance and virtue bless their votaries, and the miseries which attend a contrary course. The epistle was pretty long, and the most refined piece of moral philosophy I ever met with, as indeed every one of his were, and I had the unspeakable delight of reading several of them.

Nor can I be at all surprized, that Mr. Pope should so often celebrate a genius, who, for sublimity of thought, and elegance of style, had few equals.

bsd The

The rest of the dean's correspondents were, the lady Masham, the earl of Oxford, Dr. Atterbury, bishop Burnet, lord Bathurst, Mr. Addison, archdeacon Parnell, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Pultney, Mr. Pope, Mr. Gay, Dr. Arbuthnot; a noble and a learned Set! So my readers may judge what a banquet I had. I could not avoid remarking to the dean, that notwithstanding the friendship Mr. Pope professed for Mr. Gay, he could not forbear a great many satirical, or if I may be allowed to say so, envious remarks on the success of the *Beggar's Opera*. The dean very frankly owned, he did not think Mr. Pope was so candid to the merits of other writers, as he ought to be. I then ventured to ask the dean, whether he thought the lines Mr. Pope addresses him with, in the beginning of the *Dunciad*, were any compliment to him? viz.

O thou! whatever title please thine ear.
Dunciad.

“ I believe, says he, they were meant
 “ as such; but they are very stiff;
 “ Indeed, Sir, said I, he is so perfectly
 “ a master of harmonious number, that
 “ had

“ had his heart been in the least affected
 “ with his subject, he must have writ bet-
 “ ter ; how cold, how forced, are his lines
 “ to you, compared with yours to him :

* *Hail happy Pope, whose generous Mind.*

“ Here we see the masterly poet, and the
 “ warm, sincere, generous friend ; while
 “ he, according to the character he gives of
 “ Mr Addison, damns with faint praise.”
 “ Well, replied the dean, I will shew
 “ you a late letter of his to me ;” he did
 so ; and I own I was surprized to find it
 filled with low and ungentleman-like Re-
 flections both on Mr. Gay and the two
 noble persons who honoured him with
 their patronage after his disappointment
 at court. “ Well, Madam, said the dean,
 “ what do you think of that letter ? seeing
 “ I had gone quite through it :) — Indeed,
 “ Sir, returned I, I am sorry I have read
 “ it ; for it gives me reason to think
 “ there is no such thing as a sincere friend
 “ to be met with in the world.” “ Why,
 “ replied he, authors are as jealous of their
 “ prerogative as kings, and can no more

* See Swift's libel on Lord Carteret.

“ bear

“bear a rival in the empire of wit, than
“a monarch could in his dominions.”
“But, Sir, said I, here is a Latin sen-
“tence writ in Italics, which, I suppose,
“means something particular; will you
“be so kind to explain it?” “No, re-
“plied he, smiling,—I will leave that for
“your husband to do;—I will send for
“him to come and dine with us, and in
“the mean time we will go and take a
“walk in Naboth’s vineyard.” “Where
“may that be, pray, Sir?”—“Why a
“garden—I cheated one of my neigh-
“bours out of.”—When we entered
the garden, or rather the field, which was
square, and inclosed with a stone wall,
the dean asked me how I liked it?
“Why pray, said I, where is the gar-
“den?” “Look behind you,” said he;
I did so, and observed the south wall was
lined with brick, and a great number of
fruit trees planted against it, which being
then in blossom, looked very beautiful,
“What are you so intent on, said the
“dean?” “The opening blooms, Sir,
“which brought Waller’s lines to my re-
“membrance :——

Hope waits upon the flow’ry prime.

“ Oh

“ Oh ! replied he, you are in a poeti-
 “ cal vein ; I thought you had been ta-
 “ king notice of my wall ; it is the best
 “ in Ireland : when the masons were
 “ building it, (as most tradesmen are
 “ rogues) I watched them very close,
 “ and as often as they could, they put in
 “ a rotten stone, of which however I
 “ took no notice, till they built three or
 “ four perches beyond it ; now, as I am
 “ an absolute monarch in the Liberties *,
 “ and king of the mob, my way with
 “ them, was to have the wall thrown
 “ down to the place where I observed the
 “ rotten stone, and by doing so five or
 “ six times, the workmen were at last
 “ convinced it was their interest to be
 “ honest ;” “ or else, Sir, said I, your
 “ wall would have been as tedious a piece
 “ of work as Penelope’s webb, if all that
 “ was done in the day was to be undone
 “ in the night :” “ Well, answered he,
 “ I find you have poetry for every occa-
 “ sion ; but as you cannot keep pace with
 “ me in walking (for indeed I was not
 “ quite so light then, as I had been some
 “ months before) I would have you sit

* *Liberties, belonging to the Dean.*

“down on that little bank, till you are
“rested or I tired, to put us more upon
“a par.”

I seated myself, and away the dean walked, or rather trotted, as hard as ever he could drive. I could not help smiling at his odd Gait, for I thought to myself, he had written so much in praise of horses, that he was resolved to imitate them as nearly as he could : As I was indulging this fancy, the dean returned to me, and gave me a strong confirmation of his partiality to those animals ; “ I
“have been considering, Madam, as I
“walked, said he, what a fool Mr.
“P——n was to marry you, for he
“could have afforded to keep a horse for
“less money than you cost him, and that,
“you must confess, would have given
“him better exercise and more pleasure
“than a wife :——Why you laugh, and
“do not answer me——is not it truth ?”
“I must answer you, Sir, with another
“question ; Pray how can a batchelor
“judge of this matter ?” I find, said
“he, you are vain enough to give your-
“self the preference :” “I do, Sir, to
“that species here, a *Huyoniam*, I would,
“as becomes me, give place to : but,
“Sir,

“ Sir, it is going to rain :” “ I hope not,
 “ said he, for that will cost me six-pence
 “ for a coach for you, (this garden being
 “ at some distance from his house) come,
 “ haste : O how the tester trembles in my
 “ pocket !” I obeyed, and we got in a
 doors just time enough to escape a heavy
 shower. “ Thank God, said the dean,
 “ I have saved my money ; here, you
 “ fellow, (to his servant) carry this six-
 “ pence to the lame old man that sells
 “ gingerbread at the corner, because he
 “ tries to do something, and does not
 “ beg.”

The dean shewed me into a little street-
 parlour, (where sat his housekeeper, a
 matron-like gentlewoman at work) “ here,
 “ says he, Mrs. Brent, take care of this
 “ child, (meaning me) and see she does
 “ no mischief, while I take my walk
 “ within doors.” The deanery-house
 has I know not how many pair of back-
 stairs in it ; the preceding dean who built
 it being, it seems, extremely fearful of
 fire, was resolved there should be many
 ways to escape in case of danger.

The dean then ran up the great stairs,
 down one pair of back-stairs, up ano-
 ther, in so violent a manner, that I could

not help expressing my uneasiness to the good gentlewoman, lest he should fall, and be hurted; she said, "It was a customary exercise with him, when the weather did not permit him to walk abroad."

I told Mrs. Brent, "I believed the dean was extremely charitable:" "Indeed, Madam, replied she, no body can be more so; his income is not above six hundred pounds a year, and every year he gives above the half of it in private pensions to decayed families; besides this, he keeps five hundred pounds in the constant service of the industrious poor: this he lends out in five pounds at a times, and takes the payment back at twelve pence a week; this does them more service, than if he gave it them entirely, as it obliges them to work, and at the same time keeps up this charitable fund for the assistance of many. You cannot imagine what numbers of poor tradesmen, who have even wanted proper tools to carry on their work, have, by this small loan, been put into a prosperous way, and brought up their families in credit. The dean, added she, has found out a
 " new

“ new method of being charitable, in
 “ which however, I believe, he will have
 “ but few followers; which is, to debar
 “ himself of what he calls the superflui-
 “ ties of life, in order to administer to
 “ the necessities of the distressed; you
 “ just now saw an instance of it, the mo-
 “ ney a coach would have cost him, he
 “ gave to a poor man, unable to walk;
 “ when he dines alone, he drinks a pint
 “ of beer, and gives away the price of a
 “ pint of wine; and thus he acts in num-
 “ berless instances.”

From these anecdotes the reader must conclude, that Dean Swift deserves the grateful remembrance and homage of mankind, as much for his uncommon beneficence of mind, as his unequalled superiority of *genius* in the many classes of writing in which he hath appeared.

F I N I S.

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which, however, I believe, he will have
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ties of life; in order to administer to
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ventor of a coach would have left him, he
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